E PRIVATE LIFE AND LOVES OF MAX BAER

AN. 27, 1934

Liberty

5¢

WHY WE MUST HAVE NAVY SECOND TO NONE

by Secretary

LAUDE A. SWANSON

MOTHER MINDS HER BUSINESS

YOU CAN'T COME OVER TONIGHT? ..ANN, CHILD, YOU'RE CRYING! TELL MOTHER WHAT'S WRONG ...ANN, ANSWER ME!
ROGER, IT IS MY BUSINESS! I KNOW SHE'S HAPPILY MARRIED BUT THERE IS SOMETHING. I'VE NOTICED HE...
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT— GO ON OVER
I ADORE HIM, MOTHER. IT'S ONLY THAT... SOMETIMES... AND TONIGHT IT WAS ESPECIALLY NOTICEABLE. I WAS SO ASHAMED
I SUSPECTED "B.O." WAS THE TROUBLE. WHY HAVEN'T YOU WARNED HIM?
OH, MOTHER, I HAVE! THAT IS, I TRIED TO HINT GENTLY— SO AS NOT TO HURT HIS FEELINGS— BUT HE THOUGHT I WAS JOKING
THEN QUIETLY GO AHEAD AND GET SOME LIFEBUOY

I'M GLAD YOU GOT THIS LIFEBUOY, ANN. SUCH LATHER— MAKES YOU FEEL EXTRA CLEAN! AND MAYBE IT IS JUST AS WELL NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH "B.O."

NO "B.O." NOW— thanks to Mother and Lifebuoy!
THERE'S ONE MARRIAGE THAT'LL LAST! GUESS THE CREDIT GOES TO YOU, DEAR
YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT I WAS MINDING MY BUSINESS— A MOTHER'S BUSINESS!

I LOVE THE WAY IT FRESHENS AND SOOTHES MY SKIN

WOMEN who really *treasure* their complexions rave about Lifebuoy. And you can't blame them! For Lifebuoy's bland, soothing lather *deep-cleanses* pores of impurities that dull and cloud the skin. It freshens complexions—brings clear radiance and healthy glow.

"B.O."—our common enemy

Public enemy number one—that's "B. O." *(body odor)!* It threatens every one. For we all perspire a quart daily. Overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You can tell by its *extra-clean,* quickly-vanishing scent that Lifebuoy lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B. O."

SHAVING TIPS FOR TOUGH-BEARDED MEN!

ALLISON, I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT TO WAIT ON CUSTOMERS WITH A BEARD LIKE THAT?
MR. KENT, I HAVE SUCH A STIFF BEARD THAT SHAVING MAKES MY FACE SORE. THOUGHT I'D GIVE IT A CHANCE TO HEAL
SALE

M'BOY, TAKE ADVICE FROM AN OLD SHAVER. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER WILL TAME YOUR BEARD IN A HURRY. AND IT'S KIND TO YOUR SKIN
THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL TRY IT

THAT BAWLING OUT TAUGHT ME HOW TO GET THE CLEANEST, CLOSEST SHAVE IN THE WORLD WITHOUT SCRAPING MY TENDER FACE RAW. LIFEBUOY SURE IS GREAT!

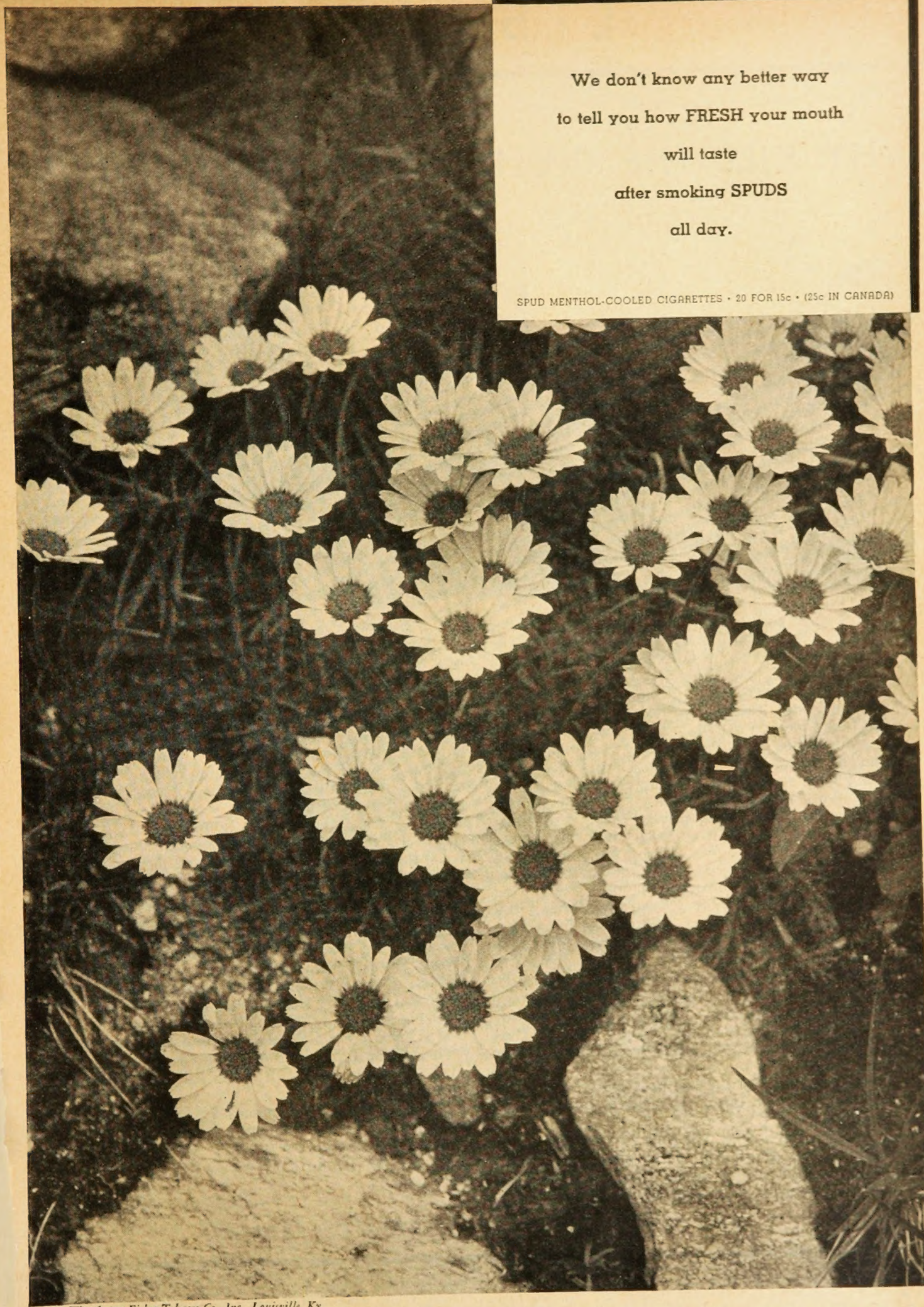
STRONG WHISKERS GROW WEAK IN THIS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER . . .

SOOTHES SKIN, TOO

● Even if you have a tough, dense, hard-to-shave beard—and tender skin—you never need skip a shave when you use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Lifebuoy lather holds 52% more moisture. *Soaks* tough whiskers soft—every bristle comes off clean, and easy. Try it.

Send for a free trial tube

Write to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-121, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. *(This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.)*


We don't know any better way
to tell you how FRESH your mouth
will taste
after smoking SPUDS
all day.
SPUD MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 15c • (25c IN CANADA)

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JANUARY 27, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 4

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

WHY KILL THE CHILD-LABOR AMENDMENT?

WE now have before us another proposed amendment to the Constitution. A federal child-labor law is now being considered by the various states.

Even the thought of child labor is obnoxious. Almost everybody automatically indorses any effort that may be made to crush such an evil.

We hear stories of children in the Southern states five and six years of age working in the fields and factories, and such an appalling situation should be stamped out root and branch.

And because of a few instances where child labor is ill used we propose to give to the federal government the right to tell every parent throughout the entire United States at just what age their children can be used in gainful occupation.

We have just gotten rid of one prohibition law which at first looked inviting. This is just another indication of our apparent desire to turn to government edicts in every emergency.

The probabilities are that if the federal government forbids child labor, a boy will not be able to go to work until he is sixteen. But a canvass of our great executives would undoubtedly reveal that nearly all of them started in some gainful occupation before that age.

Every state should have the power of regulating this question of child labor in accordance with the needs of its people.

The NRA proved that the job of stamping out child labor is not at all difficult. Why make it an immovable, unchangeable governmental edict that will require perhaps a quarter of a century to remove from our statutes if it proves to be a mistake?

Slowly but surely we are giving away all our liberties. The iron heel of the law will crush us until we are but little more than coddled infants.

We will find in some families that there are boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age who are the sole support of widowed mothers. They are growing into self-reliant, strong, capable citizens because of the character-building influence of the responsibilities they are assuming.

State governments will soon be but little more than " rubber stamps " working under orders from Washington. The state governments might as well be annulled and let the nation's politicians guide us as they would a lot of school children.

Although we indorse the ideals back of the child-labor amendment, where is there a parent who wants to be told by the Washington government under what circumstances his child may go to work? In fact, many gainful occupations are much less of a strain on child life than the night-and-day work that is carried by many of the students in our schools.

We have been inclined on occasions to run wild with impractical idealism. Let us keep our heads level on this occasion and kill the child-labor amendment.

It has been made unnecessary by the NRA, and anyway the officials of every state should solve this problem for their own people. It is not a situation that should be interfered with by the federal government.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy. $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

"My mother taught me my lesson about pyorrhea"

. . . mustn't follow in **HER** *footsteps.*

JUST one short generation ago, Americans knew practically nothing about pyorrhea. And the members of that generation had a tremendous number of teeth pulled out because they waited *too long!* They waited for teeth to *decay* before they went to a dentist.

They didn't know that pyorrhea works under the surface and takes its tribute in the form of perfectly sound teeth, as far as the eye can see. They didn't know what a vast difference there is between mere toothbrushing and real scientific care of the teeth.

Get your dentist on the job of *prevention.* Don't put it off and don't think you are an exception. Only a dentist can detect pyorrhea in its earlier stages and he wants to catch it early too, because it means a slow, arduous treatment if it gets a start on him. The modern dentist has plenty *of experience* in pyorrhea, for *more than half* of the losses of adult teeth are due to this stealthy gum disease.

No doubt your own dentist uses at his chair the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. This is obtainable only by the members of the dental profession, but Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment formula is embodied in Forhan's Toothpaste, which is sold by every drug store throughout the land.

Avoid the terrible tragedy of lost teeth. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings. Don't give pyorrhea a chance. See your dentist twice a year and use *Forhan's* twice a day. Brush teeth and brush gums. It does a *double* job for old and young. Teach the children to use Forhan's, the plus-toothpaste in the big, brown tube. For sale at all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

• • •

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

KEEN FOR HIS JOB AGAIN

BOB: I don't know, Ma . . . I just can't seem to do good office work any more.

MOTHER: Something must be wrong, Bob, to make you so listless and low. Why don't you see Doctor Rowe?

BOB: You say I'm constipated, Doctor—and I need bran in my diet—to get the bulk that is necessary?

DOCTOR: Yes . . . try Post's 40% Bran Flakes. It's delicious, *and* good for you!

BOB: The doctor's right, Ma! This is the best-tasting breakfast food I ever tried!

MOTHER: Yes, and it's doing you good! And so *delicious*—I love it too! Let's *never* give up Post's 40% Bran Flakes!

HERE—IN ONE DELICIOUS CEREAL

BRAN for benefits you need . . . OTHER PARTS of Wheat for flavor you'll love

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES contains 40% bran for bulk most people need to keep food moving along the intestinal tract . . . to help ward off constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. But—it contains *other parts of wheat too.*

And in this combination of bran and other parts of wheat is the secret of its marvelous flavor. And of its high nutritive value . . . its rich content of phosphorus, iron; its precious Vitamin B.

So make Post's 40% Bran Flakes the cereal you eat most often. You'll love it. In every bowlful you get those extra benefits. And it costs so little. A product of General Foods.

ONE MONTH LATER

BOSS: I was worried about you for a while—when you lost the old "steam." But you're getting ahead fast now!

BOB: Thank you, sir! (*To himself:* And thank Post's 40% Bran Flakes, too!)

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

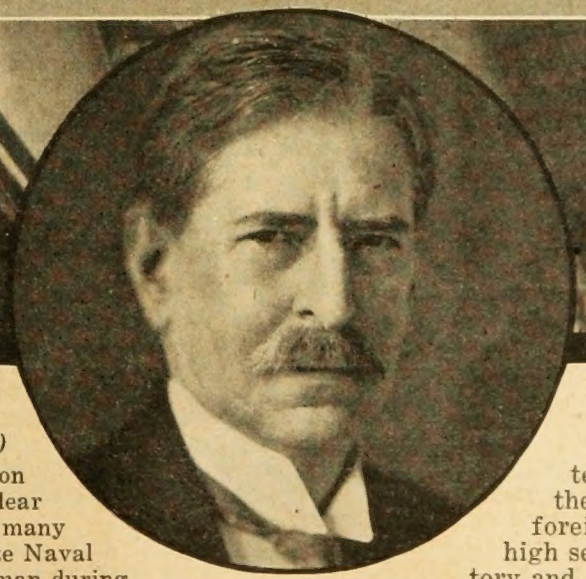
Why We Must Have a Navy Second to None

Our Present Weakened Position Does NOT Serve the Cause of Peace. It Means Risk to Every American

Says

CLAUDE A. SWANSON

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



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EDITOR'S NOTE: Secretary Swanson is peculiarly fitted to present a clear picture of our naval situation. For many years he was a member of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, serving as chairman during the World War. He also served the United States as a member of the London Naval Conference. As the navy's present chief he can call upon his past experience as judge and participant in naval matters.

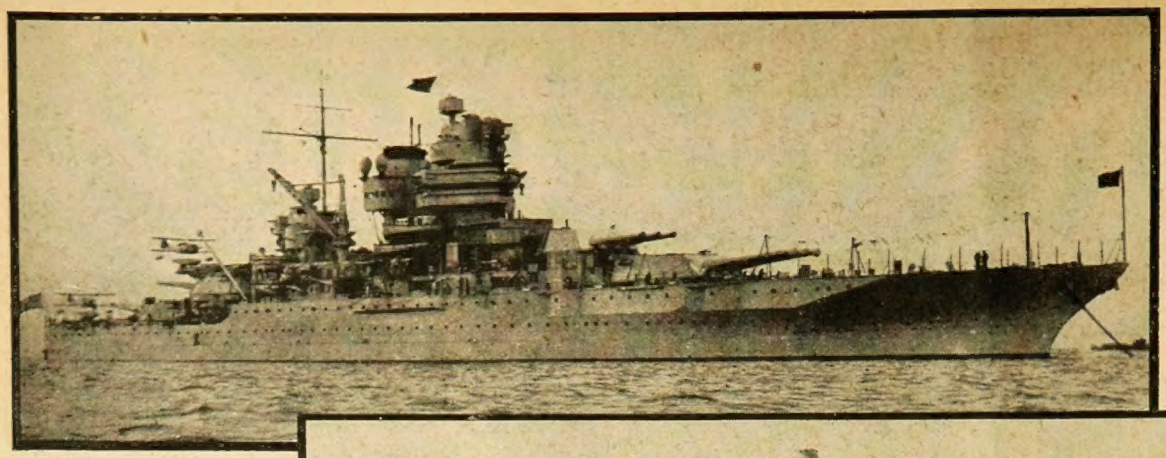
ALTHOUGH our naval defense is a continuing responsibility for the American government, it has proved desirable from time to time to recall to the people of the United States the character of the duty laid upon Congress to provide and maintain a navy, in order that public opinion may judge of the methods and policies required to serve that purpose.

The purpose of our navy is to protect the broad maritime interests of the American people, including their foreign policies and commerce on the high seas, and to guard their home territory and overseas possessions.

It has been the policy of the government of the United States to seek coöperation rather than competition with other naval powers in order to avoid both the economic waste of competitive armaments and the fears and suspicions which such competition inevitably arouses.

To this end we have participated in two international conferences which limited naval armaments as between the five principal naval powers: the conference at Washington in 1921-22 and the conference at London in 1929. Another such conference must be called, under the terms of the Washington agreement, during 1935.

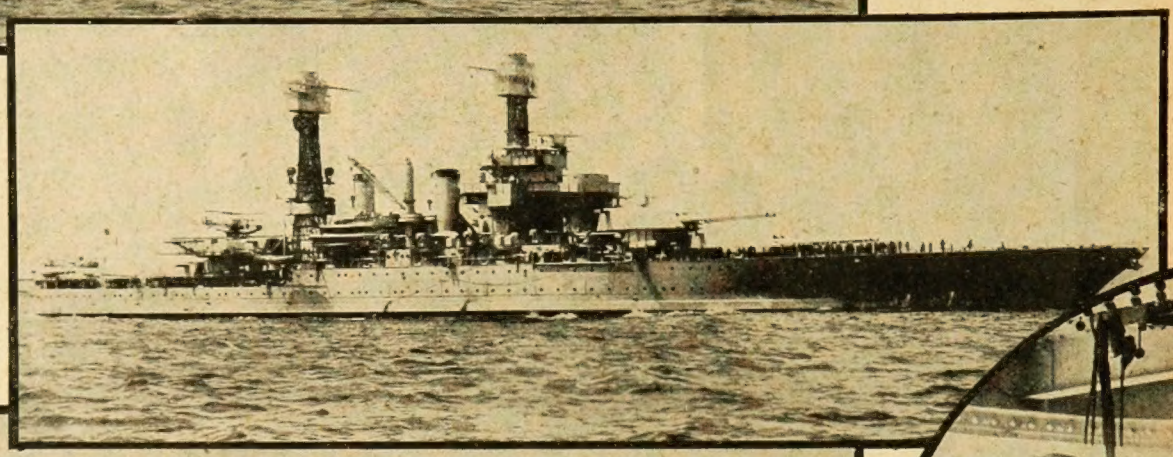
It is, therefore, the policy of the United States to abide



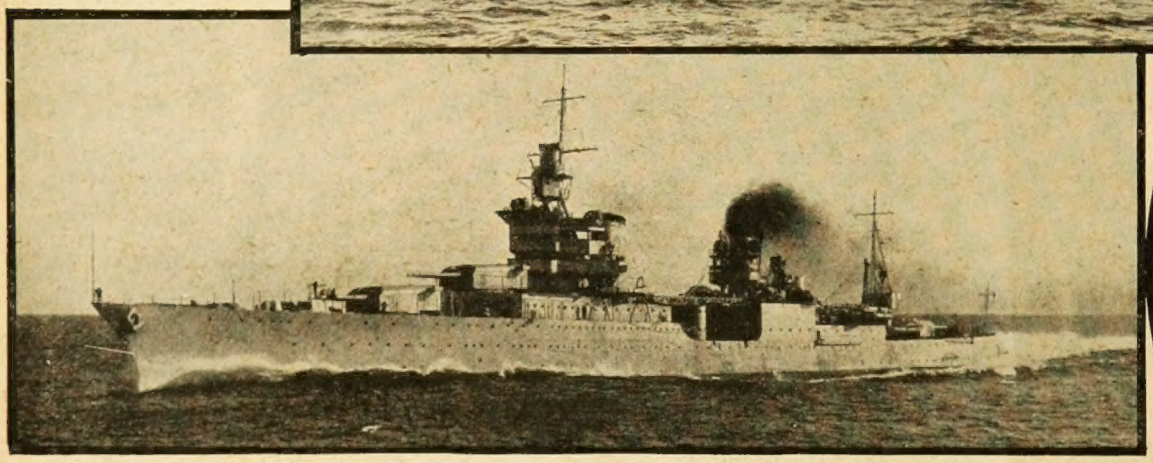
The New Mexico is a modernized first-line battleship of the American navy.

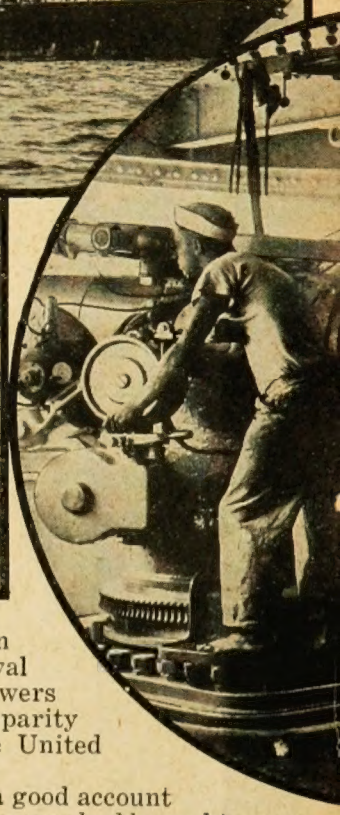
U. S. Navy Official photos

At right, an older first-line battleship, the Maryland.



Below, the heavy cruiser, typified in the Indianapolis.





by the spirit as well as the letter of these naval agreements to which it is a party, and to continue its effort to regulate the size and character of its naval establishment, in coöperation with the other principal naval powers. We have been scrupulous to maintain our construction programs within the terms of these treaties, and we would be highly reluctant to surrender the national economies and the international friendships which have been promoted by the policy of coöperation.

For this reason, now that Congress and the administration have commenced the construction of some of the vessels allowed to us by our international agreements, it seems desirable to remind the American people of the factors underlying our decision to build toward treaty strength for our naval defense.

Nearly twelve years ago the representatives of five great nations met in Washington to see what could be done to reduce and limit naval armaments.

The United States took the official initiative in bringing about this conference in which Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy also participated.

A new philosophy had arisen from the World War, namely, that naval armaments should have some relation to one another rather than be the result of independent nationalism and financial capacity.

Months later this philosophy was propounded to the world in concrete figures of naval ratios.

For centuries Great Britain had been the world's greatest sea power. Her strength had proved its value repeatedly. Then in 1921, as a result of the World War, she found herself faced with the rapidly increasing naval arm of the United States as envisaged by President Wilson. Rather than engage in an expensive and purposeless naval race with each other, both powers agreed to the principle of naval parity between Great Britain and the United States.

The Japanese navy had given a good account of itself ever since its birth. Its power had brought Japan great prestige and a sense of local security. Therefore, if she could maintain a naval force capable of preventing any action against her own shores or against important interests in her spheres of commercial activity she was pursuing a reasonable doctrine.

Because the Japanese Empire is very far away from any great naval force the potency of an attack by such a force is greatly reduced on account of the distance it must traverse before striking.

APPARENTLY Japan's statesmen calculated that security could be achieved by a battle fleet of 60 per cent of the total strength allocated to Great Britain or the United States. This was for battleships and aircraft carriers only. By limiting these large ships a basic principle had been adopted by the conferees. They were unable, however, to extend it to smaller ships at that time.

This agreement between Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, and the naval ratios accepted for capital ships and aircraft carriers of Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, and the United States, hinged on the successful outcome of the political discussions among nine nations with interests in the Pacific area.

As a final result there came into force the Washington

Naval Treaty, the Nine-Power Treaty, relating to principles and policies concerning China, and several treaties relating to matters not herein under discussion.

The naval clause of the treaty limited naval strength in capital ships and aircraft carriers as follows:

	Capital Ships	*Aircraft Carriers*	*Total Tons*
Great Britain	525,000	135,000	660,000
United States	525,000	135,000	660,000
Japan	315,000	81,000	396,000
France	175,000	60,000	235,000
Italy	175,000	60,000	235,000

The people of all nations hailed the final result as a successful demonstration of the new philosophy.

But let us see how closely this idea was followed. Between the year of the agreement, 1922, and 1929, when the London Conference met to look into the post-treaty building activities, ships had been laid down as follows:

	Cruisers	*Destroyers*	*Submarines*	*Total Ships*
France	11	44	65	120
Japan	16	46	35	97
Great Britain	15	22	18	55
Italy	8	35	28	71
United States	8	0	3	11

In the eight-year period following the Washington Treaty this building activity in smaller ships altered the basic ratio of naval strength which underlay the treaty and amounted to a new competition in these types.

The London Conference met to deal with this situation, and limitation for the smaller ships of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan was accomplished with a ratio slightly more advantageous for Japan. Great Britain, the United States, and Japan were thereafter calculated to have a ratio of about 5-5-3.5 or 10-10-7 for the total tonnages agreed to.

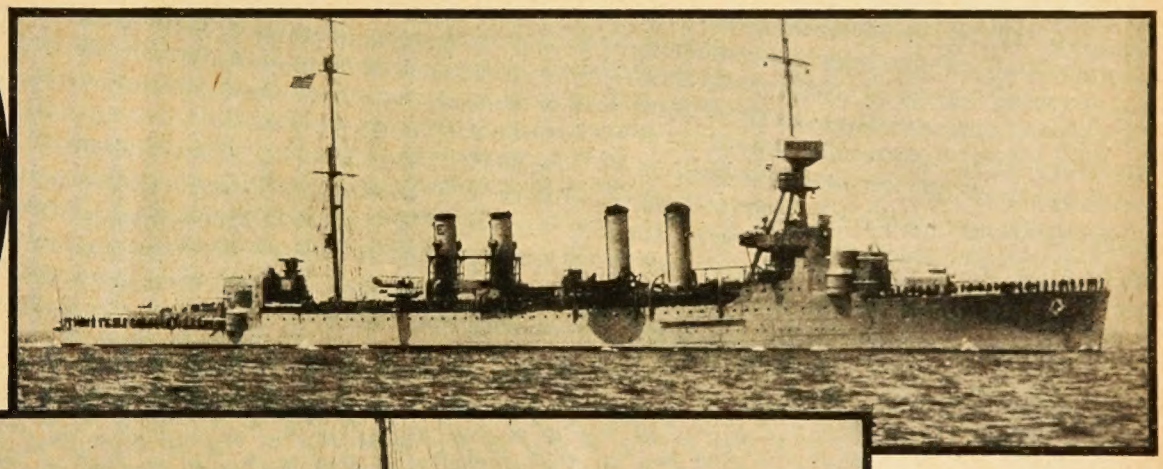
The special problem as regards the French and Italian navies could not be solved at this conference, 1929-30. They elected to remain aloof from any agreement on smaller ships.

Between 1929 and March 4, 1933, the effort to bring France and Italy to an agreement on naval matters did not succeed, and when discussion of land armaments also proved unavailing during this period the new administration felt it had inherited a situation that required realistic thought.

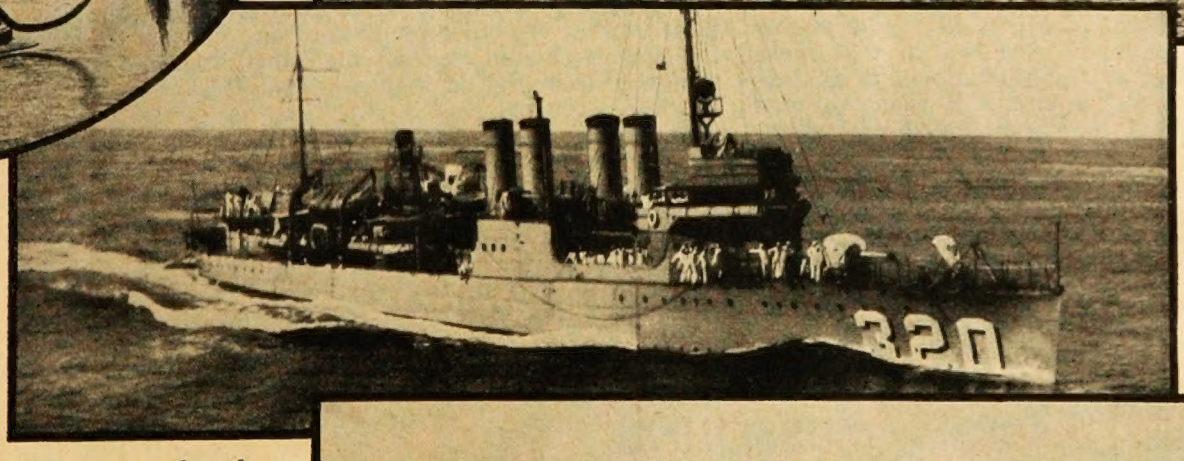
The spirit of nationalism was claiming more and more support in every country, and it was time for this country to take stock of its own situation.

OUR weakened position does not serve the cause of peace. It might even jeopardize it, because balanced armament fortifies diplomacy and is an important element in preserving peace and justice, whereas in history undue weakness has always tended to invite aggression and to encourage foreign powers to interfere with the national interests.

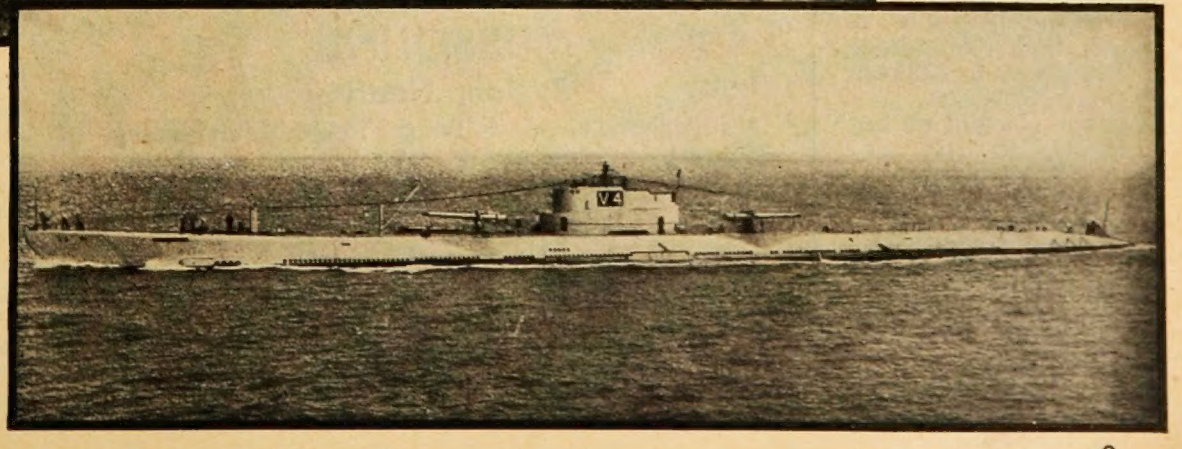
The navy has a mission to perform for the country in support of these interests. It is the duty of the navy to support the national policies and commerce, to guard the continental and overseas possessions of the United States, and to protect American lives and property. This duty of the navy is vitally important to every part of the country.



The Omaha, a light cruiser. This class finds use in scouting, convoying, etc.



Above, a first-line flush-deck destroyer, the Selfridge.



At right, the latest thing in modern submarines, typified in the Argonaut (V-4).

The wheat farmer and the industrial worker far removed from the seacoast have much to lose should the sea lanes of our trade be threatened and the navy fail to protect them.

A threat to trade is not necessarily confined to hostilities in which we are involved. It may be threatened by other warring nations if they do not respect the forces which this country is able to use to defend right and justice in respect to that trade.

We saw his fact well brought out during the early part of the last war. The warring nations ignored the rights of our merchantmen to trade with neutrals and undertook measures that practically forced most of our traders to operate in the interests of the Allies or suffer complete ruin instead. It was but natural that our industries and carriers should seek to live, and hence our trading was viewed by the Central Powers as opposed to their interests.

They began to sink our ships with impunity. As a result, despite our desire to maintain neutrality, we were forced into a position that ultimately led to war.

Today our trade is still vital to our life and we do not want it to be jeopardized again. Even in these depressed times our overseas trade amounts to nearly two billion dollars and our coastwise trade adds about two billions more.

This coastwise trade is largely dependent on the open route through the Panama Canal, which also is used by most of the other powers. We cannot take the responsibility of allowing the world trade which passes through Panama to be jeopardized, and moreover, unless we are protected on the sea route through Panama, it is possible that our own coastal trade could be interrupted in the course of another war.

A paralysis in the Atlantic might tie up our overseas shipping, with an annual loss in commerce of $1,600,000,000 to our merchants, workers, and farmers. A tie-up in the overseas Pacific trade might mean a loss of $400,000,000. If one or the other of our coasts were blockaded as well, the result would be disastrous. Cotton, wheat, flour, and hundreds of other commodities would clog our markets and every man would feel the effect of our inadequate insurance against dangers from the sea.

These are the practical considerations which underlie our present naval building policy.

For us to do less than to build our navy up to treaty strength is to expose to unwarranted risks the *welfare of our people.*

ON the other hand, the benefits of a progressive building program would be many. It would provide steady employment for thousands of workmen in that most highly specialized industry, shipbuilding—both in private yards and in government yards. It would provide steady employment in all industries allied with shipbuilding.

Its benefits would extend to every state.

Most important of all, it would permit us, at greatly reduced cost to the taxpayer, to maintain a navy of modern ships second to none, as provided for by existing treaties.

If the ratios we agreed to were deemed to be those necessary for world-wide stability, if the ratio principle is sound, then our failure to live up to it weakens that principle.

At the moment we are embarked on the construction of fifty-three ships, which work is distributing nearly half a billion dollars mostly into the pockets of the workingmen throughout the Union. This present construction and an orderly program for the future gives us increased insurance that our farmers, traders, workers, and all others can pursue their work with less danger from a troubled world. It should be emphasized that we did not take the lead in this authorized new construction under the treaties. For years we held back while other nations built warships, with the result that the United States now finds its relative naval strength seriously impaired.

We propose to restore that strength by building up toward the ratios assigned to us by international agreements.

THE fleet we intend to have should be well balanced. Its battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines should reflect the best thought of responsible leaders and the sound doctrine of the policy makers.

After our immediate program is accomplished the relative situation of our navy to the other nations will be as follows:

ALL UNDERAGE SHIPS, DECEMBER 1, 1936, IF NO MORE SHIPS ARE AUTHORIZED

(Meaning ships 100 per cent efficient)

	Battleships	*Aircraft Carriers*	*Cruisers*	*Destroyers*	*Submarines*	*Total*
United States	15	5	32	32	24	108
Great Britain	15	6	36	65	39	161
Japan	9	6	32	83	53	183
France	10	1	19	58	81	169
Italy	4	0	19	50	54	127

Let us look at the situation in tons for the year 1936 of 100 per cent efficient ships:

United States	941,420
Great Britain	999,373
Japan	772,437
France	577,598
Italy	329,638

What is needed by each power to come to treaty strength of good 100-per-cent ships in 1936—in addition to the present situation of built and authorized ships:

	Ships	*Tons*
United States	101	204,380
Great Britain	64	197,628
Japan	0	0
France	?	185,854
Italy	?	235,000

It is sufficiently evident from these figures that the completion of our present building program will leave our navy still far from authorized treaty strength.

In conclusion, I should like once more to emphasize the fact that the chief purpose of our navy is to guard the commerce and general maritime interests of our nation, in coöperation with other navies and nations if possible.

Our naval power is an essential element in the preservation of peace.

The world knows that we have no dreams of conquest, no ambitions but to live peacefully and amicably among our neighbors. Not in this generation has our nation used force for purposes that were aggressively selfish or imperialistic.

We are a peaceful people and our naval personnel have just as much of a desire for peace as any one else has.

In strength lies stability and security for national interests, which require a navy second to none. Such national power is not an objectionable threat to any worthy institution or country when its control lies in the hands of the people of the United States through their elected representation in Congress.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

CAN BALBO UNSEAT MUSSOLINI?

By John Hearley

A surprising revelation of the long-hidden rivalry that lies behind the Fascist hero's humiliating "exile" to Africa.

THE SAGA OF BATTLESHIP GERTIE

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A hilarious tale of trouble at sea and that baffling thing called love.

For Quiet Nerves And Sound Sleep

The Drugless Way That Brings New Energy Tomorrow

If you have trouble getting to sleep quickly at night try this simple experiment . . . It may repay you many times over in terms of *Sounder Sleep, Steadier Nerves . . . and Greater Resistance to Fatigue*

From now on say goodbye to sleepless nights. For sound, restful sleep comes quickly by the simple method here described. . . . In the morning you awaken clear-eyed, refreshed. Filled with new energy to last you through the day—alive—and "on your toes."

HERE is a natural way to get sound, refreshing sleep at night as soon as you go to bed. A way to fall asleep quickly and awaken far more rested mornings—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far.

The discovery which achieves this remarkable result is a delicious food-drink (called Ovaltine)—originally created in Switzerland, now made over here. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word—but is processed wholly from *natural* foods. And is as free from drugs as the milk you drink or the bread you eat.

You simply take it mixed with warm milk a few minutes before you go to bed. Then—almost before you know it—you fall asleep as effortlessly as a child. And sleep your full 8 hours more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

Look And Feel Like A New Person Mornings

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—alive, alert and "on your toes." Filled with a new energy to last you buoyantly through the day.

For this unique food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly, but actually improves the *quality* of sleep. And acts to rebuild body, brain and nerve tissues *while* you sleep. Thus multiplying your ability to recover from fatigue, and increasing nerve poise to a marked degree.

So remarkable are the results achieved by Ovaltine—that during the World War medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While today its use has spread to 54 different countries throughout the world, largely on doctors' advice.

See For Yourself

So if you're nervous, irritable or run-down—if you have trouble sleeping at night—get acquainted with Ovaltine and see for yourself how quickly you fall asleep. And how much more *completely* you rest!

As you continue to take it, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Observe how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly every night. Note how much more easily you recover from fatigue—how vitality multiplies.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it tonight just before going to bed. In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See how much fresher you look and *feel*—how much steadier your nerves.

So don't put up with sleepless nights any longer. Nor with the lowered vitality they inevitably bring. You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep you get each night—and the redoubled energy that's yours with each succeeding day.

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Here's as Bizarre a Mystery as You Ever Encountered. Can You Guess What Lies Behind This Apparently Innocent Chain of Circumstances?

The Case of the Howling Dog

(Reading time: 30 minutes 58 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, well known criminal lawyer, receives a client, Arthur Cartright, who is in a very nervous condition. He wants to make a will leaving his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley, wife of his next-door neighbor, and he wants to have Clinton Foley arrested for keeping a dog that howls at night.

Mason takes Cartright to the district attorney's office. Pete Dorcas, deputy district attorney, sends Foley an official warning that he must stop his dog's howling.

Next morning Mason receives a special-delivery letter inclosing a will, signed by Cartright, leaving nine tenths of his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley and the other tenth to Mason himself. In the envelope also are ten thousand-dollar bills and a note stating that they are just a retainer for the lawyer's services.

As Mason is puzzling over this he receives a call from the deputy district attorney, who tells him Clinton Foley is there with a complaint against Cartright. Mason goes to the district attorney's office and finds Foley, a huge man with a determined face. Foley complains that Cartright is dangerous; that he has been spying on him; and that his dog never has howled at night or any other time. He suggests that Cartright be put away for treatment.

Perry Mason insists that a deputy sheriff be sent out to investigate matters, and this is done. Mason goes with the deputy. They meet Mrs. Benton, Foley's housekeeper, and interview the Chinese cook. Mr. Foley sends for his wife, but finds she has gone out. He goes upstairs—and comes down quickly, a paper in his hand, and apparently under the influence of deep emotion.

Part Three—"It Doesn't Make Sense"

"WELL," Foley said, "it's all over. You don't need to worry about the dog."

Bill Pemberton, the deputy sheriff, puffed on his cigar complacently.

"I quit worrying about him as soon as I talked with this girl and the Chink cook," he said. "We're going over and see Cartright now."

Foley laughed, and his laugh was harsh and metallic. At the sound of that laugh, Bill Pemberton took the cigar from his lips and stared with a perplexed frown.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

"My wife," said Clinton Foley, drawing himself up with some dignity, "has seen fit to run away. She has left with another man."

Pemberton said nothing. Perry Mason stood with feet wide apart, staring from Foley to the young housekeeper, then glancing at Pemberton.

"It may interest you gentlemen to know," said Foley, speaking with the ponderous dignity of one who is trying to conceal his emotions, "that the object of her affections, the man who has supplanted me in her life, is none other

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

Perry Mason smiled at Della Street and said to the detective, "Come in, Paul."

By

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

than the gentleman who lived next door—our esteemed contemporary Mr. Arthur Cartright, the man who made all of the hullabaloo about the howling dog, in order to get me before the police authorities, so that he could carry out his scheme of running away with my wife."

Perry Mason said in an undertone to Pemberton: "Well, that shows the man isn't crazy. He's crazy like a fox."

Foley came striding into the room, glowering at Perry Mason.

"That will do, sir," he said. "You are here by sufferance only. You will keep your remarks to yourself."

Clinton Foley seemed beside himself. He drew back his right hand; his mouth was twisting and quivering.

Bill Pemberton stepped forward hastily.

"There, there," he said soothingly. "Let's not fly off the handle, Foley."

Foley turned slowly to Pemberton and said in a low, choking voice:

"There's something we can do with swine like that. Can't we get out a warrant for his arrest?"

"I think you can," said Pemberton. "But that's up to the district attorney. How do you know she went with him?"

"She says so in this note," said Foley. "Here—read it."

He thrust it into Pemberton's hands, and abruptly turned away, walking to the other end of the room.

MRS. BENTON remained in the room, making no excuses, giving no explanations.

Perry Mason moved forward and peered over Pemberton's shoulder as the deputy sheriff unfolded the note. Pemberton shifted so that Mason could not see the note, and Mason good-naturedly put a hand on Pemberton's shoulder, turned him back.

"Be a sport," he said.

Pemberton made no further effort to conceal the contents of the letter. The note was in ink and said:

Dear Clinton:

It is with greatest reluctance that I take the step I am about to take. I know your pride and how much you dislike publicity. I have tried to do this in such a manner that you will be hurt as little as possible. After all, you have been good to me.

I thought that I loved you. Up until a few days ago I was absolutely sincere in that belief. Then I found out who our next-door neighbor was. At first I was angry, or thought I was angry. He was spying on me with glasses. I should have told you, but something led me to keep it from you. I

wanted to see him, and when you were gone I arranged an interview.

Clinton, there's no use keeping up the pretense any longer. I can't stay with you. I really don't love you. It was just a fascination of the moment—something that has worn itself out.

You are just a big magnetic animal—you can't overlook a woman any more than a moth can overlook a flame. I know of the things that have happened right here in the house, and I don't blame you, because I don't think you are to blame. I don't think you can help it. But I do know that I don't love you any more. I don't think I ever did. I think it was simply that fascination, that peculiar hypnotic charm, which you exercise over women. At any rate, I am going away with him, Clinton.

I am doing it in such a way that you will be spared any publicity. I am not even telling Thelma Benton where I am going. She only knows that I am taking a suitcase and going away.

You can tell her that I have gone to visit some of my relatives, if you wish. If you don't give the affair any publicity, you can rest assured that I will not.

In your way, you have been good to me. You have gratified my every material wish. The only thing that you can't give me is the love of a true man; nor can you satisfy that hunger in my soul which only he can satisfy. I am going with him, and know that I will be happy. Please try to forget me.

Believe me, your sincere well-wisher, EVELYN.

"What is it?" she asked. "What's wrong?" "I don't know," he told her. "But things don't click."

Mason spoke in a low voice.

"She doesn't mention Cartright's name," he said.

"No," Pemberton said; "but she mentions him as being the man next door."

"And," said Perry Mason in the same low tone, "there's something else about that letter that—"

Foley abruptly whirled from the window. The tragic grief which had seemed to affect him so strongly was gone. There was cold, purposeful rage in his voice and manner.

"Look here," he said. "I'm a wealthy man. I'm willing to give every God-damned cent I've got to have that hound brought to justice. He's crazy, and my wife is crazy. They're both of them crazy! That man's broken up my home; he's accused me of crime; he's tricked me, trapped me, and betrayed me. And by God he's going to pay for it!"

"O. K.," said Bill Pemberton, folding the letter and handing it back to Foley. "I'll go back and make a report. You'd better come back with me."

"I wonder," said Perry Mason, "if there's a telephone here I could use?"

Foley looked at him with cold fury.

"You can use the telephone," he said, "and then you can get out."

"Thanks for the invitation," said Perry Mason calmly. "I'll use the telephone, anyway."

Perry Mason got Della Street on the telephone.

"Mason talking, Della," he said. "I'm out at Clinton Foley's house. He's the one who owns the dog that Cartright was complaining about. Did you get any word from Cartright?"

"No, chief," she said. "I rang the place every ten minutes for more than an hour, and no one answered.

"All right," he said. "I guess no one's going to answer. It seems that Foley's wife ran off with our client."

"What?" she exclaimed.

"Fact," he told her. "The woman left a note telling Foley all about it. He's furious and is going to arrest Cartright. He and Pemberton are on their way up to the district attorney's office to try and get out a warrant."

"YOU'LL be in the office soon?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"Going to see the district attorney?" she inquired.

"No," he told her; "you can't get me anywhere until I show up or telephone again. But here's something I want you to do. Ring up Drake's Detective Bureau and get Paul Drake to drop anything he's got and come to my office. Have him waiting there when I return."

"All right," she told him. "Anything else, chief?"

"That's all," he said. "Be seeing you. 'By."

He hung up the receiver, walked from the little closet where the telephone was placed, and encountered the hostile eyes of the housekeeper.

"Mr. Foley said that I was to show you out," she said.

"That's all right," Mason told her. "I'm going out. But you might pick up twenty dollars if you wanted to make a little pocket money."

"I don't want to make any pocket money," she said. "My orders were to show you out."

"If," said Perry Mason, "you could find me a photograph of Mrs. Clinton Foley, it might be worth twenty dollars to you. It might even be worth twenty-five dollars."

"My orders," she said coldly, "were to show you out."

"Well," said Perry Mason, "would you mind telling Mr. Foley on his return that I tried to bribe you to get a picture of his wife?"

"My orders," she said, "were to show you out."

There was the sound of a bell jangling its summons. Mrs. Benton frowned, then looked at Perry Mason, and for a moment the mask of her manner dropped from her.

"Will you *please* leave?" she said.

"Sure," said Perry Mason; "I'm going."

She escorted him to the front door, and as they walked through the hall the bell rang twice more.

Abruptly she turned to him.

"Why," she asked, "are you so anxious to get a picture of Mrs. Foley?"

As Mason was about to answer, the bell rang again, and there was the sound of knuckles banging against the wood.

The young woman gave an exclamation of annoyance and hurried toward the door. As she opened it, three men pushed their way into the hallway.

"Clinton Foley live here?" asked one of the men.

"Yes," said Mrs. Benton.

Perry Mason stepped back into the shadows of the hallway.

"Got a Chinese cook working here, haven't you? Fellow named Ah Wong?"

"Yes."

"All right. Get him. We want to see him."

"He's in the kitchen."

"All right. Go ahead and get him."

"But who are you?"

"We're officers—immigration officers."

"I'll tell him," she said, and turning on her heel almost ran past Perry Mason.

The three men, heedless of Mason's presence, walked closely behind her.

After a moment Perry Mason turned and followed them through the living room, dining room, and into the kitchen. He paused in the serving pantry, and heard their voices.

"All right, Ah Wong," said one of the men. "Where's your certificate? You catchum *chuck jee?*"

"No savvy," said the Chinese.

"Oh, yes, you savvy," said the man. "Where your papers? Where your *chuck jee?* You heap catchum plenty fast."

"Heap no savvy," said the Chinese, with a wail of despair in his voice.

There was a good-natured laugh, the sound of a scuffle. Then the man's voice said: "All right, Ah Wong. You come along with us. You show us where you sleep. You show us yo r things. You savvy? We help you look for *chuck jee.*"

"No savvy, no savvy!" wailed the Chinese.

A man laughed. "He savvies, all right," he said.

Perry Mason heard the housekeeper's voice:

"Can't you wait until Mr. Foley returns? I know that he'll do anything he can for Ah Wong. He's very wealthy, and he'll pay any fine or put up any bail—"

"Nothing doing, sister," said one of the men. "We've been looking for Ah Wong for a while, and there isn't enough money in the mint to keep him here. He's headed back for China right now. Come on, Ah Wong; get your things packed."

PERRY MASON turned around, tiptoed back the way he had come, and let himself out the front door. He walked down the steps from the porch to the sidewalk, walked briskly along the sidewalk until he came to the house on the north where Arthur Cartright lived. He turned in at the cement walk which ran across a well kept lawn, ran up the steps to the front porch, and pressed his thumb against the button of the doorbell.

There were faint sounds of motion from the interior of the house, then shuffling steps, and the door opened.

Perry Mason was facing a gaunt woman of fifty-five with faded hair, eyes that seemed to have been bleached of color, a thin determined mouth, a pointed jaw and long straight nose.

"What do you want?" she asked in the even monotone of one who is deaf.

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"I want Mr. Cartright," said Perry Mason.

"I can't hear you—you'll have to speak a little louder."

"I want Mr. Cartright!" Mason shouted.

"He isn't here."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know; he isn't here."

Perry Mason took a step toward her. "Look here," he said. "I'm Mr. Cartright's lawyer. I've got to see him at once."

She stepped back and studied him with her weary faded eyes, then slowly shook her head.

"I heard him speak of you," she said. "I knew he had a lawyer. He wrote you a letter last night, then he went away. He gave me the letter to mail. Did you get it all right?"

Mason nodded.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Perry Mason," he shouted.

"That's right," she said. "That's the name that was on the envelope."

Perry Mason moved toward her once more, and yelled: "When did Mr. Cartright go out?"

"Last night about half past ten."

"Did he take a suitcase with him?"

"No."

"Had he been packing any of his things?"

"No. He burned some letters."

"Acted as though he was getting ready to go away somewhere?"

"He burned letters and papers; that's all I know."

"Did he say where he was going when he went out?"

"No."

"Did he have a car?"

"No; he hasn't a car."

"Did he order a taxicab?"

"No; he walked."

"You didn't see where he went?"

"No; it was dark."

"Did he tell you he wasn't coming back?"

"No."

"Are your wages paid?"

"That's none of your business."

"I'm his lawyer."

"It's still none of your business."

"You don't know what was in the letter you were given to mail to me last night?"

"No. That's none of my business. You mind your business and I'll mind mine."

"WHAT'S your name?" asked Perry Mason.

"Elizabeth Walker."

"How long have you known Mr. Cartright?"

"Two months."

"How long will you stay if Mr. Cartright doesn't return?"

"I'll stay until my time's up."

"When will that be?"

"That," she said, "is my business, Mr. Lawyer. Good-by." She slammed the door.

Perry Mason stood staring at the door for a moment with a half smile on his face.

Then he turned and walked down the steps from the porch. As he reached the sidewalk he felt a peculiar tingling sensation at the base of his neck which caused him suddenly to whirl and stare. He was in time to see the heavy drapes slip back into place over a window in the Foley house.

PAUL DRAKE was a tall man with drooping shoulders, a head that was thrust forward, eyes that held an expression of droll humor.

He was waiting in Perry Mason's office when Mason returned.

Perry Mason smiled at Della Street and said to the detective, "Come in, Paul."

Drake followed him into the inner office.

"What's it all about?"

"I'll give it to you short and snappy," said Mason. "A man named Cartright, living at 4893 Milpas Drive, complains that a chap named Clinton Foley, living at 4889 Milpas Drive, has a dog that howls. Cartright is nervous; perhaps a little bit unbalanced. I take him to Pete Dorcas to get a complaint, and arrange to have Dr. Charles Cooper look him over. Cooper diagnoses it as manic-depressive psychosis; nothing serious. That is, it's functional rather than organic. I insist that the continued howling of a dog can be very serious to a man of such nervous instability. Dorcas writes Foley a summons to appear and show cause why a warrant shouldn't be issued.

"Foley gets the summons, shows up at the district attorney's office this morning, and I go over. Foley claims the dog hasn't been howling. Dorcas is ready to commit Cartright as insane. I put up a fight and claim Foley's lying about the dog. He offers to take us to witnesses to prove the dog didn't howl. We go out to his house. His wife has been sick in bed. He's got a housekeeper who's a good-looking jane but tries to make herself look older than she is, and uglier. The dog is a police dog they've had for about a year. The housekeeper says the dog hasn't been howling. The Chink cook says the dog hasn't been howling.

"Foley goes to talk with his wife, and finds she's gone. The housekeeper says she left a note. Foley gets the note, and it's a note telling him that she's leaving with the man next door, and that she really loves *him*."

Drake's expression of droll humor broadened into a grin.

"You mean she ran away with the crazy guy next door that thought the dog was howling?"

"That seems to be the sketch. Foley claims Cartright made up the complaint about the howling dog out of whole cloth and worked it as a scheme to get him away from his house."

"And Foley still claims Cartright's crazy!" Drake exclaimed.

Perry Mason grinned.

"Well," he said, "he wasn't claiming the man was crazy quite so strong when he left."

"How did it affect him?" asked the detective.

"That's the funny thing," said

Mason. "I'd swear he was putting it on too thick. He either wasn't as broken up as he pretended to be, or else there was something that he was trying to cover up. I think he's had an affair with his housekeeper. I think the wife intimated as much in the note. At any rate, he's been playing around."

"Maybe it's something about Cartright that he hates," Drake suggested.

"That's exactly the point that I'm coming to," the lawyer told him. "The woman's note indicated that she had known Cartright and had been acquainted with him. Cartright moved into the house about two months ago. Foley has been in his place for about a year, and there's some stuff about it I can't understand.

"It's a big place and in an exclusive neighborhood. Foley must have money. Yet he and his wife were getting along with just a cook and a housekeeper. Ordinarily I would have said the house was far too big for them. But not only are they living in it, without a chauffeur, but Foley is having an addition built on to the garage. It's of reënforced concrete, and the thing is being finished up this morning. They've poured the floor, and the rest of the building is finished."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" asked Drake. "He's got a right to build an extension on to his garage, hasn't he?"

"But what does he want it for?" asked Mason. "The garage is big enough to hold three cars. Foley has got two cars in there, and he doesn't keep a chauffeur."

"ALL right," Drake told him. "Where do I come in?"

"I want you," said Mason, "to find out everything you can about Foley—where he came from and why; also the same thing about Cartright."

Paul Drake stroked his chin meditatively, then let his eyes casually drift to the lawyer's face.

"All right," he said. "What's the low-down?"

"I've given you the low-down, Paul."

"Oh, no, you haven't, Perry. You're representing a client who complained about a howling dog. The client has gone by-by with a married woman. Everybody's happy except the outraged husband. There's no reason for you to get so worked up about this thing unless there's something that you haven't told me about."

"Well," said Mason slowly, "I think I may be representing more than one person. I haven't stopped to figure exactly the professional ethics of the situation, but there's a chance I may be representing Mrs. Foley as well."

"WELL," said Drake, grinning, "she's happy, isn't she?"

"I don't know," said Perry Mason, his eyes narrowing. "I want to get all of the dope that I can on the entire situation, and I want to find out just who these people are and where they came from."

"Got any photographs?" asked Drake.

"No, I haven't. I tried to get some, but couldn't get them. There's a deaf housekeeper out at Cartright's place, and I told you the hook-up on the housekeeper at Foley's place. I tried to bribe her to get some pictures, and didn't get anywhere with it. She'll tell Foley, that's a cinch. Apparently she's loyal to him. Here's another funny thing. Just before I left, immigration officers came and picked up the Chink cook for deportation on the ground that he didn't have a certificate; and I guess he didn't."

"Will Foley put up a fight for him?"

"The girl said he would," Mason answered.

"What girl?"

"The housekeeper."

"Girl, eh?"

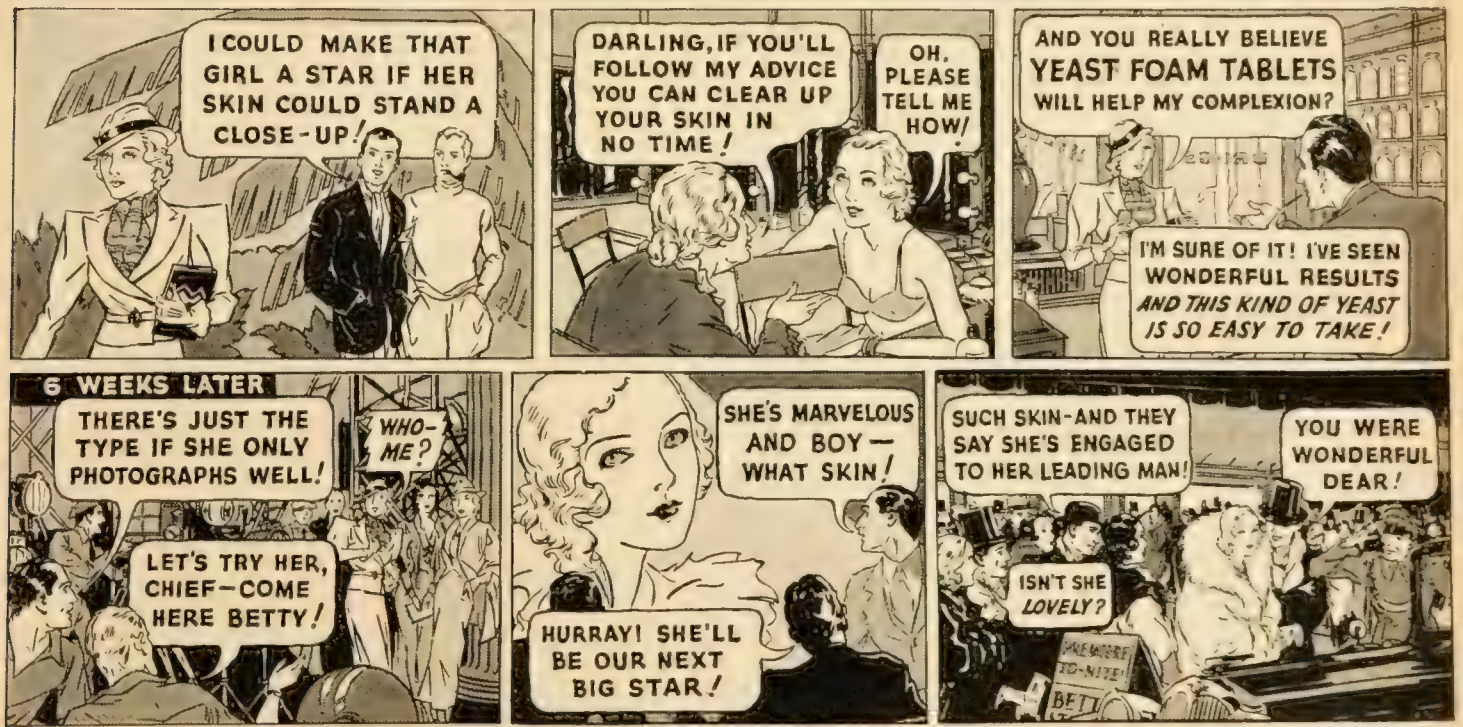
"Well, she's a young woman."

"You seem to think she's got plenty of IT."

"She's got something," said Mason slowly, "and I don't know what it is. She's gone to a lot of trouble to make herself up so she looks plain and homely. Women don't ordinarily do that."

Perry Mason said nothing for a few minutes, but drummed silently with his finger tips on the surface of

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood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the desk. Then he looked over at Paul Drake.

"The housekeeper says that Mrs. Foley left there in a taxicab this morning. Now, Cartright left his place last night and didn't come back. He was in very much of a hurry, because he sent an important letter to me by special delivery, but had his housekeeper mail it. Now, if you can find the taxicab that called for Mrs. Foley, and find where she was taken, you're quite likely to find some trace of Cartright at that place. That is, if the housekeeper is telling the truth."

"You think she isn't?"

"I don't know. I want to get all of the facts—then I'll sift them and sort them. I want the most complete reports possible."

"Put a tail on Foley?"

"Yes, put a tail on Foley. But don't let him know it. I want him watched wherever he goes."

When the detective had gone, Perry Mason summoned Della Street into his office.

"Della," he said, "cancel every appointment that I've got. Hold everything wide open. Clear the decks for action."

She let her shrewd hazel eyes study him in calm appraisal.

"You know something?" she asked.

"Nothing much," he told her. "It's just a hunch. I think something's going to break."

"You mean in that Cartright case?"

He nodded.

"What is it?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," he told her. "But things don't click."

"How do you mean they don't click?"

"They don't fit together. They look all right on the surface, except for a loose joint or two, but those loose joints are significant."

IT was ten minutes before five when Perry Mason called Pete Dorcas on the telephone.

"Perry Mason talking, Pete. How do I stand with you?"

"Not very high," said Dorcas, but there was a trace of humor in his rasping querulous voice. "You're too damned belligerent."

"I wasn't belligerent," said Mason. "I simply claimed the man wasn't crazy."

Dorcas laughed.

"Well," he said, "you're sure right on that. The man wasn't crazy."

"What are you doing about it—anything?"

"No. Foley came in here all steamed up. He wanted to get warrants issued right and left, wanted to turn the universe upside down—and then he wasn't so certain that he wanted the publicity. He asked me to wait until he communicated with me again."

"When did he do that?"

"About ten minutes ago."

"What did he say?"

"Said that his wife had sent him a telegram from some little town down the state—Midwick, I think it was—begging him not to do anything that would bring about a lot of newspaper publicity."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, the usual thing. I pigeonholed it. It's nothing except a man's wife running off with somebody else. They're free, white, and twenty-one, and know what they're doing."

"Well," Mason told him, "I just wanted you to know the way I felt about it. I gave you a fair deal right from the start. I gave you a chance to have a doctor there to look Cartright over."

"Well, the man isn't crazy, that's a cinch," Dorcas said. "I'll buy you a cigar the next time I see you."

"No; I'm going to buy you the cigars," Mason told him.

"MR. DRAKE telephoned while you were talking on the line to Dorcas," Della told him. "He says he's got something for you, and I told him to come up."

"Where was he? Down in his office?"

"Yes."

"All right," said Mason. "When he comes, send him right in."

He walked back to his desk, and had no sooner sat down than the door opened and Paul Drake walked in.

"Well," said Mason, "what have you found out?"

"Lots of stuff."

"All right; go ahead and tell me."

"She isn't his wife," said Paul Drake.

"Who isn't?"

"The woman who lived with Foley at 4889 Milpas Drive and went under the name of Evelyn Foley."

"Well," said Mason, "that's no great shock to me."

"How did you get that idea? From something Cartright told you?" asked the detective.

"You tell me what you know first," said Mason.

"Well," said Drake, "the woman's name isn't Evelyn. That's her middle name. Her first name is Paula. Her full name is Paula Evelyn Cartright. She's the wife of your client, Arthur Cartright."

Perry Mason slowly nodded.

"You haven't surprised me yet, Paul," he said.

"Well, I probably won't surprise you with anything, then," said Drake, thumbing the pages of his notebook. "Here's the dope: Clinton Foley's real name is Clinton Forbes. He and his wife, Bessie Forbes, lived in Santa Barbara. They were friendly with Arthur Cartright and Paula Cartright. The friendship between Forbes and Mrs. Cartright ripened into an intimacy, and they ran away together. Neither Bessie Forbes nor Arthur Cartright knew where the others had gone. It was quite a scandal in Santa Barbara. Forbes was independently wealthy, and he translated all of his belongings into cash, so that he could carry it with him.

" Cartright, however, managed to find them. I don't know how he did it. He traced Forbes, and found that Clinton Foley was in reality Clinton Forbes, and that the woman who went under the name of Evelyn Foley was in reality Paula Cartright, his wife."

" Then," said Perry Mason slowly, " why did Cartright get the adjoining house and spy on Foley, or Forbes? "

" What the devil could he do? " asked Drake. " The woman left of her own free will."

" You haven't got the idea yet."

Drake looked at him for a moment, and then said: " You mean he was plotting revenge? "

" Yes," Mason said.

" Well," the detective drawled, " when he finally got around to springing his plan for revenge, it didn't amount to anything more than complaining about a dog."

" Wait a minute," Mason said. " I'm not joking."

" Well, all right," Drake remarked. " Suppose you *are* serious? What does that buy us? "

" The theory of the district attorney's office is that Cartright complained about the howling dog merely in order to get Foley away from home."

" Well? " asked the detective.

" It doesn't make sense," the lawyer said.

" Well," Drake said, " that's up to you. What you wanted me to do was to get the facts."

Mason nodded slowly.

" What do you think happened? " asked Drake.

" I don't know," Mason said, " but I'm telling you that the thing doesn't click."

" All right," Drake said. " Who are you representing? "

" I'm not entirely certain," Mason said slowly. " I'm representing Arthur Cartright, and I may be representing his wife or I may be representing Foley's wife. By the way, what happened to her? "

" You mean Forbes? " asked the detective.

" Foley or Forbes, it's all the same."

" Well," said Drake, " we haven't had any luck on tracing Mrs. Forbes yet. Naturally, she felt quite a bit disgraced and she left Santa Barbara, but we don't know where she went."

Mason nodded slowly and reached for his hat.

" I think," he said, " that I'm going out to talk with this Clinton Forbes, alias Clinton Foley."

What did Perry Mason have to say to Clinton Forbes or Foley? What was the terrifying discovery that the lawyer made in the Foley house? Read next week's installment of this gripping mystery novel. Drama, romance, and amazing surprises.

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Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Which animal was the behemoth mentioned in the Bible (Job 40, 15-24)?
2—What was the " Vinegar Bible " ?
3—What is a surplice?
4—When was the first train drawn by a steam locomotive in the United States?
5—What is Giotto's Campanile?
6—Where is the most famous golf course in the world?
7—What is the fastest day's run ever made by a sailing ship?
8—Who wrote " God's in his heaven: All's right with the world " ?
9—What was Temple Bar?
10—What is a menhir?
11—The Edict of Nantes was what?
12—When was the Christian Science Church founded?
13—Who is called the Father of Epic Poetry?
14—What is the meaning of the French phrase *à propos?*
15—Who was Iphigenia?
16—What is laudanum?
17—When did women begin to act in public in England?
18—What physician introduced antiseptic surgery?
19—Whom did George Washington marry?
20—What is the proper name of the fruit popularly known as the alligator pear?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

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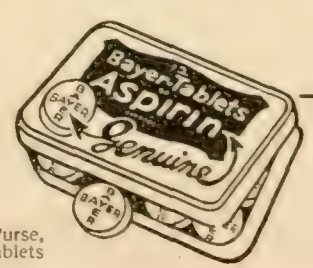

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NRA WE DO OUR PART

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

MAKE-BELIEVE

Alice in Wonderland Comes to the Scre
a Newspapern

By BEVERL

Charlotte Henry, Roscoe Karns, and Jack Oakie in a scene from the entertaining Alice in Wonderland.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 55 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THE PLAYERS: Charlotte Henry, Richard Arlen, Roscoe Ates, William Austin, Gary Cooper, Jack Duffy, Leon Errol, Louise Fazenda, W. C. Fields, Alec B. Francis, Skeets Gallagher, Cary Grant, Lillian Harmer, Raymond Hatton, Sterling Holloway, Edward Everett Horton, Roscoe Karns, Baby LeRoy, Lucien Littlefield, Mae Marsh, Polly Moran, Jack Oakie, Edna May Oliver, George Ovey, May Robson, Charles Ruggles, Jackie Searl, Alison Skipworth, and others. Directed by Norman McLeod.

IN the case of a classic like Alice in Wonderland, no matter what a producer does, he is letting himself in for plenty of grief. The two large groups of people bound to be most interested in the result are those who feel that the book should never have been made into a picture at all, and those who feel not only that it should have been but have fantastic preconceived notions on how the transformation ought to have been managed. If the producer managed to suit both these groups, he would be overlooking the tastes of the class which it is his real job to please—people who do not think that because Lewis Carroll was an extraordinary character and an expert writer of comic nonsense his works are necessarily beyond the comprehension of Hollywood or unapproachable by fairly simple moving-picture methods.

Our own notion about Alice in Wonderland is that Norman McLeod did a hard job about as well as any one could have. His work lacks some of the charm of the writings from which it was derived, because such happenings as Carroll described are better when imagined than when made explicit. For this reason Alice in Wonderland may, by the time this review appears, have been greeted by loud squawks from the most enthusiastic Carrollians among the critics. These can be disregarded, since the picture was intended not for critics but for children. Even if it is true that most children nowadays prefer Mae West to the sentimental stuff which pleases their parents, there should be a healthy enough minority to provide Alice in Wonderland with a profitable audience.

As to the cast, it is a trifle surprising but not discouraging to discover Gary Cooper, who used to act in cowboy pictures, enrolled as a White Knight who never stays on his horse for more than thirty consecutive seconds and even has a stepladder attached to his saddle for remounting. Cooper and a few others—notably W. C. Fields as Humpty-Dumpty, Ned Sparks as the Caterpillar, Alison Skipworth as the Duchess, and Charles Ruggles as the Dormouse—manage to retain some traces of their own identity behind their masks. For almost all the rest, the masks, designed by Wally Westmore and Newt Jones, are considerably more important than the actors.

The one notable exception to this rule is Alice herself, for whom, as was widely advertised before the picture was released, Paramount found a round-faced little girl from Brooklyn named Charlotte Henry. What we liked best about Charlotte Henry's performance was its immense placidity. No matter what happens, she is never more than mildly pleased, faintly alarmed, or temporarily chagrined. When Tweedledum and Tweedledee, reciting the poem about the Walrus and the Carpenter, open a miniature projection room to show her a Walt Disney cartoon of these personages, she considers it a good idea but it does not cause her to applaud. Her extraordinary poise gives the picture character and makes the wild occurrences of Alice's dream seem, as they should, at once comic, implausible, and entirely natural.

Charlotte Henry is seventeen, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, and as imperturbable off stage as she is in Alice in Wonderland. She had small parts in two earlier pictures—Courage, and Huckleberry Finn. She went to a convent school in New York, and got her first job on the stage, when she was fourteen, through a friend who had a cousin who knew a Broadway producer. She went to Hollywood a year later, and was playing in a Pasadena stock company last summer when she made up her mind to do Alice. When she enters a room she turns on the radio immediately. She likes Rudy Vallee, despises carrots, owns a Pekingese called Puddles, considers rainy days good luck, has no favorite movie star, plays golf, and reads detective stories.

★★★ FLYING DOWN TO RIO

THE PLAYERS: Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Paul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and others. Directed by Thornton Freeland.

It appears that one of the major faults of recent musical comedies has been that they failed to include Dolores Del Rio. Even in this one she doesn't have a great deal to do, but this fortunately makes very little difference. A scene in which she sits at a table in a Miami restaurant and smiles when the band leader makes eyes at her is enough to start any picture off in the proper direction.

Flying Down to Rio is fairly satisfactory entertainment on the basis of its story alone, which goes on from Miami to show Gene Raymond and Miss Del Rio proceeding in his plane to Rio de Janeiro, where Raymond's orchestra has to fill an engagement at the hotel owned by her father. There it turns out that she has a fiancé (Paul Roulien) who is an old friend of Raymond. This situation supplies whatever romantic interest may be lacking in the alliance between Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, who are too busy dancing to pay much attention to more serious matters.

Dave Gould, who arranged the dances in Flying Down to Rio, is apparently a nonunion worker. There is, as far as we can remember, no shot from above showing several hundred girls on a stage the size of a football field, assembling into a five-pointed star or trying to spell something with their legs. The reliable novelty in which the girls go swimming in a glass-bottomed pool is omitted also.

Attaching a chorus to the wings of airplanes, with

MELODY, MIRTH

Miss Del Rio in a Musical Comedy; Tracy Again; Miss Gish Returns

HILLS

adagio dancers tossing each other from one plane to another, may not have been the most logical notion in the world, but it supplies variety.

Flying Down to Rio may not be the most elaborate musical of the year but it is one of the smartest. Good shot: A close-up of Fred Astaire's dancing feet.

★★ ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Sally Blane, Sterling Holloway, Jean Adair, Paul Harvey, Matt Briggs, Charles Levinson, Adalyn Doyle, C. Henry Gordon, Isabel Jewel, and others. Directed by Alfred Werker.

The possibility that Darryl Zanuck's new Twentieth Century Pictures Corporation would outclass its Hollywood rivals appears to be growing more remote with every production. The Bowery, Twentieth Century's first picture, was a good job—fast, rowdy, indigenous, and appropriately sentimental. But since that time Zanuck has not made anything to cheer about. Considered on its own merits, Advice to the Lovelorn is not offensively bad but represents a good opportunity wasted.

Nathaniel West's novel about a newspaperman who, when assigned to write a personal-advice column, started by sneering at his correspondents and ended, after becoming involved in their sordid troubles, by committing suicide, contained the possibilities for a fine picture. Obviously the story had to be changed for movie audiences, but it did not need to be written down to what it is—one more noisy little city-room comedy.

About all that can be said for Advice to the Lovelorn as it stands is that Lee Tracy's performance—the same, except for a few new mannerisms, as the ones you have seen him give in half a dozen other newspaper pictures—is as entertaining as usual. Tracy, ordered to write an advice column which he does not want to do, tries to get fired by composing insulting or malicious answers to his letters. He succeeds only in enlarging his public and filling his office with subscribers who hope to beat, shoot, or horsewhip him.

Later on, when he has straightened out his own romance by writing a column in which he advises his girl (Sally Blane) to marry him, Tracy gets in a jam with a racketeer druggist whose products he has been plugging

Flying Down to Rio is a smart musical comedy. In the photo are Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio.

The newspaperman again—Lee Tracy—and Sally Blane in a scene from the picture Advice to the Lovelorn.

to earn a little harmless graft. Caught in a room with the gangster who has him covered by a gun, Tracy throws a note out of the window which he hopes will be noticed by his secretary on the sidewalk. The secretary (Sterling Holloway) instead of reading it, eats it.

★★ HIS DOUBLE LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Lillian Gish, Roland Young, Monte Love, Lumsden Hare, Lucy Beaumont, and others. Directed by Arthur Hopkins and William C. de Mille.

The significance of this quiet, highly civilized little comedy is the way that it demonstrates some of the changes that have occurred in the moving-picture business in the last ten years. Lillian Gish, looking not much older than she did in Orphans of the Storm, has grown to be a much better actress but a much smaller name. Roland Young is really the star of His Double Life.

Derived from Arnold Bennett's story Buried Alive, it is a sly, easy-going story about an artist who, afraid of adulation, takes advantage of his valet's death to get away from it forever. He pretends to be the valet and makes it appear that the artist is dead. The trick might have been successful if he had not married the girl that the valet had become engaged to through a matrimonial agency. The marriage works out so well that the artist begins painting again. When his pictures are recognized, troubles start to accumulate for him. The pleasant thing about Lillian Gish's performance is the way she makes you feel that she admires Priam Farrell (Roland Young) not because he is a great painter, not even because he is a kind and harmless little person, but because she thinks he is Leek, the valet.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses.

★★★—The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Goodbye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire.

I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia

A Flight to Romance—The King's Barbecue—Bombing Johnny Turk—"El-Aurenz, Wrecker of Trains"—Bedouin Matchmaking

(Reading time: 23 minutes 30 seconds.)

CAPTAIN NORTON'S epic story began in Liberty last week with the climax of Lawrence's great wartime adventure, after the destruction of the Turkish Seventh and Eighth Armies. As eyewitness or as participant, Captain Norton described the harrying of the fugitive Turks, the ghastly vengeance taken in Deraia by the Arabs for Turkish outrages upon women and children, and the triumphant entry of Lawrence and Feisal into Damascus.

He told also of his own failure, due to mere chance, to bomb the fishing boat on which the German and Turkish commanders escaped across the Sea of Galilee. He told how he and his observer fell into the Turks' hands, destroyed their plane, and were rescued in the nick of time. Furthermore, having witnessed it from the air, he recounted this truly amazing episode: A big Turkish force, retreating hopelessly, surrendered to a few troops of Australian Light Horse. A horde of Bedouins swept down upon both captives and captors. The Australians gave the Turks back their weapons. Side by side they fought until the marauders were beaten off—when the Turks again laid down their arms and became the Australians' prisoners!

Lawrence is, of course, the celebrated Colonel T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, who since the war has sought obscurity as "Aircraftsman Shaw"—though in spite of himself he reappears from time to time on the world's front pages. Only last month it was reported that he had devised an armored motor boat as a practice target for British air bombers, and had piloted it himself, thus becoming a living mark for their bombs and proving its worth.

Captain Norton now goes back in his narrative to the beginning of his acquaintance with Colonel Lawrence.

PART TWO—"A CHAP FROM OXFORD"

AN orderly posted a white sheet of paper on the green bulletin board in the mess tent just as we were finishing dinner. I was a flight commander with the Royal Flying Corps, stationed with a training squadron near Ismailia on the Suez Canal. After three years of hard fighting in the air over France I was finding life in the East a bit boring.

Captain Turner pushed back his chair and strolled over to the bulletin board. Suddenly, after one glance, he bellowed aloud:

"By Jove! Look at this!"

There were forty of us, officers and student pilots, in that tent—and instantly we were all at the bulletin board in mass formation.

Turner, who was nearest the board, read out loud:

"Routine Orders—September 17, 1917

"The following officers are detached for special duty and will proceed immediately to headquarters of the Arab forces near Akabah. All officers upon arrival will report to Colonel T. E. Lawrence, or his representative in Akabah, attached to the headquarters of Shereef Feisal, and will remain under their orders during forthcoming operations. Upon conclusion, all machines will return to this squadron.

"*(Signed)* W. B. LOWE, Lieutenant and Adjutant.
"For Officer Commanding."

Action at last! We babbled like little boys about to go to a show fight. After all, not one of us was more than

A Turkish patrol with machine guns keeps watch on the desert sands outside Gaza.

Some of Lawrence's crack Arab soldiers, not in the usual robes but in uniforms which they had stripped off captured Turks.

Feisal, Lawrence's royal Arab chief and ally, after the war.

twenty-seven. Hardly likely, I thought, that I would be on the list. I had just arrived from France and was well down in seniority. No such luck! But, just for something to do, I tried to force my way through the crowd to have a look. Before I could get within reading distance Bill Adams slapped me on the back. "You lucky devil, Norton! I wish I were in your shoes!" That settled it. Sure enough, there was my name.

I wasn't so sure I wanted the job, though. I had just arranged for week-end leave to Cairo, and this meant canceling my rooms at Shepheard's and also sundry dates for the races at the Sporting Club with a certain very attractive member of the fair sex. Then there was tomorrow's dance at the French Club. I was taking Mlle. Marie, the prettiest blonde in Ismailia, and only last night under the moon she had— Well, romance was a little sweaty down there, but still romance was always romance!

The orderly who had posted the orders returned and saluted from the doorway. "Commanding Officer's compliments. Will all officers detailed for special duty report to his quarters at once!"

I TRAILED along with the others to the C. O.'s quarters, a square white tent. We knocked on the tent post. "Come!" called the C. O. We filed in, respectfully silent, and stood at attention.

"Sit down, you fellows, and make yourselves comfortable," he ordered, without looking up from a map. He was a grizzled veteran of about twenty-five years of age— a sandy-haired Scottish youth whose two rows of ribbons rather belied his youthful appearance.

We sat—four on his bed. I took the only spare camp chair and the others draped themselves about. There were twelve of us, six pilots and six observers.

The C. O. looked up. "Williams, you speak some Arabic."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to take charge of this show."

"Very good, sir."

"You have read the orders? When can you get started?" Like a true Scot, the C. O. never wasted words.

Williams hesitated a moment. "By tomorrow noon."

"Fine!" The C. O. turned back to his map. "Then you can be in Akabah tomorrow evening before dusk?"

Williams nodded again and grunted assent.

"What's in the wind, sir?" I asked the C. O.

He motioned us around him and pointed to the map. It was a topographical chart of the lower Sinai Peninsula from the Suez Canal down to Jidda. His finger traced a sweaty line on it as he talked.

"GENERAL headquarters in Cairo have information to the effect that the Turks have sent several battalions to reënforce the garrison at Maan and Medina on the Hejaz Railway," he said. "If this is true, it will greatly jeopardize the chances of success of the Arab revolt which Lawrence is trying to work up.

"Lawrence is going to make a reconnaissance of the Pilgrim Railway south of Maan with his Arabs, and you fellows are to back him up by simultaneously bombing the town and airdrome while he is blowing up the line.

"You will get detailed orders down there. You will take eight bombs apiece and a week's rations. That is all." The C. O. forgot us in his concentration on the map.

We arose and walked out into the night. I took Williams's arm and drew him behind the others. "I say, Williams. Just who is this Lawrence? I'm still a bit cold on all this out here."

He talked as we walked. "Lawrence is a chap from Oxford who was digging in Arabia for ancient ruins before the war. He speaks Arabic like a native and has been doing work under the Arab Bureau at Cairo. He's now running a show with the Hejaz people and seems to be giving Johnny Turk a lot to think about."

We were to be called at five o'clock. I fell asleep and dreamed of my blonde, who would persist in turning into a cutthroat Bedouin every time I tried to put my arms around her.

By CAPT. JOHN H. NORTON As told to J. B. L. LAWRENCE

It was miserably damp and misty when I awakened to find my orderly shaking me. Breakfast over, we were ready to work on the machines. We worked steadily until eleven o'clock. The R. E. 8s were finally ready—fueled and loaded with equipment to the gunwales. Equipment and rations for a week. Mechanics turned the last bolt on the Vickers and Lewis guns in their mountings in the cockpits. They gingerly made a last-minute inspection of the bombs on their racks—and we were off!

After circling several times we got into formation with Williams leading, and set off in a southerly direction across Lake Timsah, down to Suez, and then due east toward Akabah.

Below us was nothing but the barest of sandy Arabian desert. A forced landing would hardly be a pleasant experience, I reflected as I pushed the machine forward. My observer, Duval, seemed to read my thoughts and nodded in accord from the rear cockpit.

After flying about three hours under that burning sun, the shimmering waters of the Gulf of Akabah came into view. I verified it on my chart, and sure enough, as we approached, we could see the roofs of the mud huts of the native city—a brown blob on the landscape. It must be Akabah from all the descriptions I had heard.

At five thousand feet we passed over the town and on beyond. Five miles farther lay a tiny group of square black objects. They grew in size as we came closer, and as we swooped down behind Williams to inspect the landing facilities I saw that they were the tents of the Bedouins—or Bedawi, as we called them.

On a fairly decent piece of somewhat level ground was a big white T made of strips of cloth fastened down. It indicated that this was our destination. Williams waggled his wings; we turned into the wind and came in for a landing.

As we taxied in, at least a thousand figures disgorged from the tents and began to run toward us.

WHAT cutthroats they looked! I hoped we had come down in the right place and they were friendly. Their dark faces contrasted sharply with the white underrobes they wore; their long black cloaks rose behind them like wings as they ran. Each carried a long rifle and I could see curved knives at the belts of most of them. The machines were quickly surrounded. We all sat tight in the cockpits and I fingered my revolver a little nervously. The Boche I knew in France had looked like sweet little children compared to these lads. Duval, behind me, kept his Lewis gun trained on them in case of any misunderstanding.

The crowd suddenly parted. From their midst strode an Arab. He looked different from the others. He looked clean, by George! He was draped from head to heel in spotless white robes, with a headrope of red and gold. At his belt dangled a magnificent dagger with a gleaming hilt of gold.

Williams half stood in his cockpit. He spoke: "*Liltak Saa-eda, Effendi!*"—in his best Cairo Arabic.

The Arab smiled broadly and waved pleasantly. "Hello, you fellows!" Williams sat down with a loud crash, amazed. The Arab continued: "I'm Lawrence. Cairo told us you were coming. We need you badly. Come on in and get cleaned up. I'll arrange an audience with Feisal."

We jumped to the ground. Lawrence came among us and greeted us heartily. I was to learn later that he never shook hands and hated to be touched in any way. Another amazing thing about the man that I noted from the first was that he never looked any one in the face. Instead, he stared at one's shoes intently. "Certainly glad to see you."

The Arabs meanwhile were chattering loudly. Growing bolder, they ventured closer to the machines. I saw two of them begin to pick at my wings. Lawrence noted my concerned look. He spoke sharply in Arabic. The Arabs drew back a little. Lawrence spoke again. Half a dozen more of them came forward. Under his instructions, they mounted guard around the machines while we pegged them down for the night. Then we followed our host to his tent, black as the rest but slightly larger.

Two brawny black slaves brought in basins of water and we quickly washed the dust from our faces.

I watched Lawrence carefully. His face interested me. It seemed to change with every word he spoke. It was

ILLUSTRATION
BY
MONTE CREWS

the most mobile face I have ever seen. He couldn't have been more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight, yet I felt the force and strength of personality that I was to see accomplish so much later. His bluish-gray eyes, rather deeply set, reflected humor and at the same time were strangely hard. They seemed almost held in place by his unusually high cheek bones. Most amazing of all, though, was my impression that, but for his eyes, it might have been the face of a young undergraduate or even a rather pretty girl.

"If you fellows are ready, Feisal will see you now," said Lawrence. He led the way to another tent near by, larger than all the rest and isolated. Two slaves stood guard at the entrance, heavily armed. They too were garbed in typical Arab robes. They stood aside as Lawrence led us in.

IT was not my idea of a royal tent. For, after all, Feisal was of royal blood. His father, King Husein, was the ruler of the Holy Places of which Mecca was the main city, and traced his forebears directly back to Mohammed. There was a plain camp bed no better than ours, a folding camp chair, an ordinary deal table, and practically nothing else. Oh, yes—there was a little carved stand on which reposed several books, the top one a miniature copy of the Koran.

Sitting on their haunches on the floor, their legs crossed, were half a dozen Arab sheiks. They wore no distinction of rank other than richer robes than those of the rank and file. They looked up as we entered and their drone of conversation ceased abruptly.

A central figure dominated all the rest. He had been sitting, but rose to his feet as we came in. He was tall, slender, æsthetic-looking. He wore a black abba, a long silk cloak over a white undershirt, and kaffiyeh to match, surmounted with a plain headrope of wool and camel's hair bound with gold thread. At his belt was the only sign of color, a jeweled dagger, curved sharply, and one of the most beautiful weapons I had ever seen. His face was of the same hue as that of a European who has acquired a good tan from the sun. His features were finely chiseled. He looked like the king he was when he arose to greet Lawrence.

They spoke affectionately in Arabic. Then Lawrence turned to us. "Shereef Feisal wishes on behalf of himself and his people to welcome you to his encampment and hopes that you will accept his hospitality while you are here and remain for dinner," he translated for us in his quiet voice.

Remain for dinner? Where else could we go?

Feisal smiled graciously at us and with a wave of his hand bade us be at our ease. He and Lawrence began to talk quietly and earnestly. The Arab sheiks took up their conversations where they had left off. And we stood there wondering about food. One gets as hungry in an Arab king's camp as in Piccadilly.

The tent flaps opened. Four slaves entered, staggering under the load of a

They were Turkish cavalry. The sound of the machines frightened their horses and a few rounds from our guns completed their confusion.

great deep copper plate. Atop it was a large fragrant sheep, legs in the air, stewed to perfection and resting on an island of gleaming white rice that arose from a veritable sea of steaming brown gravy.

The slaves advanced gravely, half bowed to Feisal, and then knelt to place their savory burden on the sandy floor of the tent. Feisal nodded and they withdrew. The Arab leader motioned us to seats on the floor around the banquet. I wasn't quite sure how we were to go about it, but Lawrence with a concealed smile reassured us. We sat down side by side with the sheiks, who were loudly smacking their lips.

It was roll up your sleeves high above the elbows or be soaked in gravy. Every man for himself. Oh, for a knife and fork! But I was too hungry to waste much time wishing for implements. Feisal was first. He plunged his royal hand into the tender side of the sheep and clutched a titbit. He lifted it to his lips. Lawrence and the sheiks grabbed for their favorite morsels. We followed suit.

Gravy fairly flowed on the floor. A handful of rice. You dipped it in the gravy and tried to get it to your mouth before your jacket was soaked. It was good, though. The Arabs grunted and puffed as they ate with gusto.

Lawrence did the same. He was an Arab at that moment. I was amazed at the sight of him pulling out a chop while his mouth was still full of another. But I realized that this was his secret, no doubt. He was an Arab when he wanted to be—a real Arab!

The sheik beside me suddenly turned to me and grunted happily. Then he thrust in his fist and brought out the smoking liver. He handed it to me. I had my hands full. But a quick glance from Lawrence and a slight nod told me that I must not refuse. It was a gesture of friendliness. I took the liver and jammed it down my throat. It was no hard task—I was so hungry! Lawrence kept looking at me and signified by smacking his lips that I was to show pleasure at the gift. I smacked my lips and grunted.

It pleased the sheik so much that he offered me another bit and another—and we all ate until we could hardly sit erect.

Feisal clapped his hands twice. The slaves came in and lifted the copper plate. There still remained a large portion of meat on the sheep. They carried it away, and later I learned from Lawrence that it went first to the lesser tribesmen and then to the women and children, in that order. Men come first out there!

Two slaves entered with large copper urns. They contained water. Each of us stepped outside the tent and the slaves poured the tepid water over our arms and hands. We all dried our hands in the warm sand and then sat down again to enjoy cigarettes and the rich Turkish coffee.

After a proper interval Lawrence arose. We got to our feet too, at a signal from him. There was much of bowing and thanking, and we retired with Lawrence to his tent to discuss the serious business of the bombing raid the next day.

THESE were his instructions: Two mornings later we were to make a dawn raid on the railroad station and barracks in the city of Maan, about ninety miles due east of the Arab stronghold. Maan was a main stopping point on the Pilgrim Railway, so called because the Mohammedans from the north used it on their pilgrimages to the Holy Places.

Maan was strongly garrisoned and had been recently reënforced by a crack battalion from Constantinople, who were in communication with another powerful garrison at Medina, about four hundred and fifty miles south, isolated except for the railway.

Lawrence said he was leaving at dawn the next day, taking with him several hundred tribesmen mounted on camels and heavily armed. They were to be commanded by Sheiks Auda and Nazir. His object was to demolish the Pilgrim Railway and thus destroy this only means of contact between the two large groups of Turkish fighters. Pointing out that he anticipated resistance from minor Turkish posts along the railway, he wanted us to keep the main garrison in Maan so busy dodging our bombs that they would not be aware of his activities about twenty-five miles south.

That was all. "Good night, fellows!" And we filed out of his tent.

We slept under our machines on the sands. When we awakened, Lawrence and his Arabs had already departed. They had gone in the middle of the night, silently.

We spent the entire day preparing for the raid, overhauling our motors and checking bomb releases and machine guns. We had to delay to give the Lawrence forces time to reach the railway on their camels.

Dawn came up with stifling brilliance. Williams summoned us and reiterated Lawrence's orders. Props were spun. We taxied along and were off!

We sped away, following behind Williams toward Maan. As the thread in the distance took shape as the railway, we saw below us, moving rapidly in clouds of heavy dust, the advancing Arabs. With luck we should be in position within an hour.

OFF to the left lay Maan, a dirty sprawling mass of mud huts with a spire sticking up above them here and there. Just before the city we saw a small landing field and one hangar. Beyond the houses were thousands of little black moving objects.

As we approached we made these out to be herds of grazing camels.

A puff of smoke on the railway. Glory be to Allah! A train. That was luck!

Williams waggled his wings. We followed him in a steep dive toward the city. Six thousand feet—five—four—three—two. Objects became clearer. Men were running between tents and houses. People were standing, frozen by fear, in the streets. Ah—there was the railway station.

Duval shouted something to me and then reached down to his bomb controls. I felt the machine shudder slightly as we were relieved of the weight of four projectiles, half our load.

We watched anxiously for the puffs of smoke. There! We'd blown up something, but couldn't quite make out what it was. Four more bombs remained on their racks. There were the Turkish barracks—long huts of baked clay. I turned toward them and gave a signal to Duval. "Right!" he yelled, and immediately I felt the machine's weight again decrease as our second four took their deadly path earthward.

The bombs missed and—no, they were a hit! I saw smoke arise from the roofs of the barracks. Scores of men came running out, frantic. I turned back and began to climb to rejoin the formation.

Duval tapped my shoulder and pointed off to the right. "Airdrome!" he shouted. I had almost forgotten it. But before I was able to get to the airdrome we saw the hangar suddenly burst into flames. One of the other lads had beaten us to it. Damn' fine shot on somebody's part! I hoped there was a Boche machine inside.

There were the tents outside the town. Obviously military tents. We turned toward them and came down to three hundred feet. Crack-crack-crack! Johnny Turk was fighting back the best he could. But rifles weren't quite enough and we dove at them with our Vickers and Lewis going at top speed.

Stout fellows, these Turks! Had to give them full credit. It took real courage to stand up and pot at us with their rifles.

I felt that if I were in their shoes I'd probably be flat on my belly in the nearest hole.

Williams signaled for re-formation. The machines climbed beyond the range of the rifles and he led us along the railway southward.

Some of the nomadic tribes who as yet had not come into the revolt against the Turks were not to be trusted, and one's probable fate if one had a forced landing among the wrong bunch was too ghastly to contemplate. We had been told last night, over the camp fire, of two German airmen who were flying down to Medina with orders for the Turkish commandant there. They landed near the encampment of a small tribe of wandering Bedouins. After mutilating the two men, the Arabs turned to the

machine—probably the first they had ever seen—and having broken off its wings so that it could not fly away, dragged the fuselage to the village pool, where it probably remains to this day. Such is the Arab mentality!

Williams was going to look over Lawrence's situation and offer aid if necessary. As we sped along at the fast rate of about sixty-five miles an hour we came upon a small detachment of horsemen proceeding in the same direction, toward the Arab objective. Williams dropped and we came to within a few feet of their heads. They were a Turkish cavalry patrol. The whining sound of the diving machines frightened their horses and a few well directed rounds from our guns completed their confusion. We flew on down the railway. Duval leaned over, tapped my shoulder, and yelled: "That band of Turks won't be much help, eh?" I grinned in answer.

In ten minutes we came to Abu-el-Lissen, a small station on the line. We saw no sign of Lawrence or his men. Ah! Williams waggled his wings merrily and pointed down. There was a big gap in the railway line below where a bridge over a dry watercourse had been blown up. We proceeded southward. Below us, at regular intervals, was a trail of Lawrence's trademarks.

It would take Johnny Turk a long time to get a train over this mass of twisted steel and splintered wood.

Fuel was running a bit low, the sun was becoming unbearably hot, and Williams decided to head for home.

From time to time, below us, we could see small groups of Arabs on camels. They waved their long rifles at us as we passed, and we waggled back at them.

We landed at our impoverished airdrome a little later and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, awaiting Lawrence's return.

The day passed and night once more descended on the Arab encampment—but no sign of Lawrence. We began to get worried. The two hundred Arab troops who remained as personal bodyguard for Feisal lit their camp fires and began to chant their tribal songs.

IT grew later and later, and still no Lawrence. Suddenly we heard the shuffling of approaching camels. We jumped to our feet and ran to the edge of the camp. Into the flickering light of the camp fires came several hundred tribesmen. At their head rode Sheik Nazir.

Williams walked up to the sheik's camel. He made an elaborate greeting in his best Arabic and then asked: "And Lawrence? Is he with you?"

"El-Aurenz? No; he has tarried and will return with my brother Auda—God be praised!"

The troops rode into the camp and dismounted from the puffing camels. We returned to our machines to wait.

More camp fires appeared. The songs grew louder. Once more we heard the camels coming close. Again we ran to meet them.

This time Sheik Auda rode at the head of the procession. The camels were loaded down with booty and loot—Turkish uniforms, rifles, jewelry, swords, silks, food—carelessly slung from the saddles.

"And Lawrence?" again asked Williams.

"Was he not with Nazir?" demanded the sheik.

We told him of the arrival of the earlier detachment without the Englishman. Auda merely shrugged his shoulders and was impassive to our pleas to turn round and search for Lawrence.

The brutes! We would go out and find him ourselves, we decided. "It's hopeless at night, men," Williams declared. "But we'll start at dawn!"

JUST then our commander lifted his hand to silence our conversation. The swell of song, in almost boring monotone from the ever-increasing numbers of Arabs around the camp fires, came to us clearly.

"What is it?" I asked. But Williams again motioned us to be silent. He listened for full five minutes.

"By Jove! That's strange!"

We were puzzled. Not another one of us could understand a word of Arabic. Williams listened again. A loud shrill-voiced tribesman sang a line of song and the entire group then repeated the chorus of it. Then another line—another chorus.

"What the devil is it?" I asked anxiously. All of us had the same thought. Perhaps Lawrence had been killed and the Arabs were singing a requiem.

"I can't believe it," said Williams, half to himself.

We insisted on knowing what it was all about.

"For heaven's sake, Williams! What is wrong?" I demanded, almost shaking him. It seemed to remind him of us.

"They sang a mighty strange song," he said at last. "It is an Arab custom to sing praise to their heroes over these camp fires—"

"Yes?" we all chorused.

"That laddie out there just sang that Lawrence had become a Mohammedan in earnest—and—"

"Yes?"

"He is going to marry Feisal's daughter tomorrow in Mecca!"

Why the fervent Arabs believed this of their unworldly "El-Aurenz," and the truth of the matter, will be brought out in next week's installment. Captain Norton will tell of a quaintly unexpected encounter with Lawrence in mufti, and of becoming his pilot for a dramatic flight from Jaffa to the Arab headquarters beyond the Jordan. As an eyewitness, he will show Lawrence justifying his grim Arab title of "Wrecker of Trains," and he will picture the preparations for the destruction of two entire Turkish armies by Lawrence and Allenby.

WHY BUY A

winter oil?

Perhaps you have already had starting trouble... have had to recharge the battery once or twice...or the motor hasn't been running so well!

Read what a Californian says about Winter lubrication:

"Here at Medicine Lake Lodge every night we have ice, yet we haul supplies from the railroad 3,000 feet below where the thermometer goes to 110°-120° above.

"Quaker State *Cold Test* is the only oil I've ever used that would stand up under these conditions, hold its body, and not burn up and go out through the exhaust.

"We also use the same grade for our snow-trucking machine in Winter, when it goes to 30° below. We never have any trouble starting, or with gummy valves... as is the case with any other oil, bar none."

An exact quotation from an unsolicited letter. R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal).

Quaker State *Cold Test* Oil is especially refined for Winter service. It assures quick starts... it lubricates at all speeds...it lasts.

Take a tip from experienced car owners. Save time, trouble, expense. Change to Quaker State *Cold Test* with that extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.

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MOTOR OILS

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Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

From the Isles of Romance! A Story of Peril that Bared a Man's Secret and Measured a Woman's Love

White, Blue, *and* Green

(Reading time: 26 minutes 3 seconds)

WHITE, blue, and green—it has been said—are the colors of the island world, the flag of the South Seas.

And it has been said that he who follows that flag ten years will follow it forever.

In those days the Laka Islands were very remote. Far away they are still, as you will find if you try to reach them without six months to spare upon your hands. But this was in the nineties, when the white-sailed schooner still reigned over the Pacific; when haste was not, and time and travel were measured by the whims of the trade wind.

Rufus Carlin, the young white man, the only white man in the Lakas, could scarcely have told you how long he had been there. At twenty he had run away from home and from the tedious beginnings of a colonial civil service career. Now Eton was a dream; the varsity (from which he had been sent down) a nightmare; his

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HENRY ALAN

The dance tonight was to celebrate the induction of himself into chief rank.

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

home, his people, shadows in the long ago of four, five, seven years past.

If he had stayed he might have been, with luck, assistant magistrate in the Falklands, where it rained and blew all year, or something tiresome in the Newfoundlands, or a clerk in Fiji. Today, in the Lakas, he was almost king.

Pictures of the career that might have been went sliding through his mind as he sat cross-legged on the sand, fixing shark's teeth into a warrior club. His crown of parrot plumes lay beside him; the anklets and armlets of ribbon grass were ready to put on; annatto pods with natural red paint in them had been plucked from the vine and set at hand. The dance tonight was to celebrate a great event—nothing less than the induction of himself into Laka chief rank.

There were steps to be taken that would be final. There was the beginning of a long process that might cut him off from his own race forever. What matter? Life on Laka was very good. Since the day when he had landed there, a penniless adventurer, from one of the trading vessels that at long intervals dared the uncharted reefs, Rufus had been happy.

They had taken to him at once. He was as tall as their tallest warriors, stronger than most, and as handsome as the sea god Tangaroa, whom to look upon in all his beauty was to die. But you did not die when you looked on white man Rufus—unless, indeed, you were one of the Laka maidens who—almost—died for love of him.

They had given him house and land and wives, seven of the loveliest girls,

(Continued on page thirty-two)

It's a traveling Drawing Room!

The New AIRFL

NOTHING that has previously existed in motoring gives any adequate idea of the drawing room spaciousness of the new Airflow* Chrysler . . . or of the floating ease of riding in it.

It is literally possible in the new Airflow Chrysler to write a letter, read a book, or go to sleep while traveling over *any sort of road* at speeds up to 90 miles an hour! This astonishing ride is achieved through the application of scientific principles of Dynamic Balance. All the important weights in the car have been re-distributed. The engine is *over* the front axle, the rear seat is 20 inches *forward* of the rear axle, the passengers ride at the center of balance . . . suspended between the two axles. With this distribution of weight, the action of the front springs is entirely independent of the rear.

But Chrysler engineers went still fur

They studied the "periodicity" rate — of spring movement. They covered ways to produce a rate of s action which is most natural and re to human nerves. They called the r the "*Floating Ride.*"

And they found that the various fa of the Floating Ride called naturally inevitably for the Airflow body.

Without Airflow, the Floating would be impossible. And *with* Airf the Floating Ride ushers in still fu advancements.

In the Airflow Chrysler, for the time in history, you really ride *inside* car. Body and frame are one. The fl surrounds you with a bridgework of . . . part of it is actually over your h

With Airflow design comes a new of roominess. Doors are as wide as h doors. Both front and rear seats the spaciousness of divans. There is room, headroom and seat-width fo great big adult passengers. And the

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT SEDAN . . . MODERN, BEAUTIFUL, SPACIOUS AS A DRAWING ROOM

AIRFLOW CHRYSLER. BOTH SEATS ARE LIKE DIVANS

W CHRYSLER

DYNAMIC TAPERING LINES

Within and without, the Airflow Chrysler is modern to the minute. The interior roof treatment has the sleek simplicity of a racing yacht's cabin. Fitments and upholstery are as distinctive as a modern penthouse apartment.

A whole new world of motoring opens up to you in the Airflow Chrysler. It is so entirely different in everything it is and does that words cannot properly describe it. But when you see it and ride in it, you will know for yourself that it brings about a wholly new era in personal transportation.

FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE—Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12200 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

om for a compartment back of the rear at to carry all their luggage!

With Airflow design, you get delightlly easy and positive steering, and easing new steering position that enables u to guide the car with a simple foream movement.

On top of all this, Airflow makes ssible perfect ventilation without wind ar. And so perfectly is the airstream rried around and back of the car that st and mud never gather on the rear els. At high speed, the rain drops on windshield actually run uphill!

☆ *Four Distinguished 1934 Models* ☆

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . Airflow beauty and performance in a luxurious car of 112 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL...Truly imperial in every detail... Brilliant performance from engines of 128 horsepower . . . The luxury of 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . The finest expression of Chrysler Airflow Engineering . . . 146-inch wheelbase . . . 150 horsepower...magnificently-styled, individualized body types.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX...A new, larger, strikingly streamlined Chrysler Six with all-steel bodies . . . larger doors, more legroom...new type ventilation . . . Independently sprung front wheels for smoother, safer riding . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase.

All 1934 Chrysler models have patented Floating Power engine mountings . . . safety all-steel bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . all-silent transmissions . . . alloy steel valve inserts . . . free wheeling. Automatic clutch available.

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LUXURIOUS INTERIORS

(Continued from page twenty-nine) whom thereafter all the other women envied almost to the point of stabbing or poisoning.

Children played about the big stone platform of Rufus's house. They were sturdy wicked youngsters, mostly boys, with Rufus's red hair. It was almost traditional in the Carlin family that there should be one or two red-haired men in each generation, and one at least called Rufus. For they were proud, in spite of the bars sinisters, of their descent from England's red-haired murdered king.

A dish with pepper in it, the Carlin race. Gypsies, pioneers, explorers, rulers, they had given to the world a good many scoundrels and a few lieutenant governors, governors, and even governors-general. Rufus had been picked out as clever; told, without his consent being asked, to study for the colonial service. He had run away, never been sorry, and never looked back.

Tonight he, who was chief in actual fact, would be made a true high chief by name and ceremony. After that the whole group of the Lakas would be at his feet.

And yet, looking out to sea beneath the palms, he almost hesitated. That which lay before him, stretching through the years that went to the final completion of a chief, was formidable. His courage did not fail him—yet something else, perhaps the last cry of the race to which he belonged, protested. And between the stems of the leaning palms, so like the springing dynamic stalks of flowers, he saw—not the reef-painted seas of the Lakas, the blinding white of the lake coral shores, but the gray rain and the winds of the Falklands, the snows of Canada and Newfoundland, the piled roofs of Mandalay and the rose-red walls of Jaipur. Above them all, glittering, uncertain, the crown of viceroyalty that he would never wear.

For the first time, his hands hesitated on the work he was doing. The club of ceremony slipped unnoted to the sand. "Forever" is a hard word; and that was the word that tomorrow he would begin to spell.

Over his shoulder, as he sat motionless, came a breath of jasmine and of frangipani-scented oil such as the island women were used to put upon their long black hair. Lua, his youngest and his favorite wife, crowned and perfumed for the ceremony of the night, with a little petticoat of tapa cloth about her hips and a necklace of red berries on her bosom, clipped him in her arms from behind and cried: "Everything is ready, Ruru! The dancers and the warriors and the old men have come, and tomorrow—tomorrow—you'll be true Laka, like me."

"True Laka—like you," he said, using the island tongue.

He caught her to him. A slip of a thing she was, some fourteen years of age, with breasts like little apples, and eyes "balls of water," as the old South Seamen used to say; dark-bright water, full of mysteries. She trembled at his touch, and laid her lips on his in the wonderful new-learned caress of the *Beritania* kiss.

Swiftly visions of cold Falklands, frozen Newfoundland, stately Colombo, and splendid Delhi faded. Only, he saw the sand of the Laka Islands, with the hot wind trembling over; and far out, breaking on the reef, the huge blue combers of the unchanging, prisoning sea.

The same for ever and ever, he thought; and the thought, with Lua's lips on his, was blin 'ingly sweet.

In the assembly house, at the end of the beach, the old men who had come from far were busy with a score of little things. They had work to do.

IT was after sunset; and away down below the Residency Hill the drums of the flag patrol began to beat.

There was something a little sinister in that sound. Drum, drum! A long way off, a long way down. Nearer and nearer, now at the gate of the Residency garden. Now six savages in serge, with a seventh behind, marching and drumming, in the garden, up to the flagstaff where the jack hung tired and drooping down its lanyard. Words of command, unintelligible, barked by the seventh savage. Flag down, flag rolled, flag reverently undertaken by the seventh. Drum, drum! Again. Six walking before, one following after with the flag. Drum! Down the hill, across the flat, along the beach, to the barracks, where the flag was put away, locked up, guarded from impossible enemies, until dawn.

In the Shebas, that handful of volcanoes inhabited by head-hunters, plantation hands, and about a hundred whites; a colony far down the colonial list, of almost no importance; a place as theatrically beautiful as stage scenery, all this imperial ceremony might have—ought to have—seemed absurd. It did not. It was simply touching, linking as it did the least important spot in the British Empire with the far glories of Ottawa, Cape Town, and royal Delhi.

The Shebas were a step upon the ladder that led to these. And tonight the Resident, he who had handled the islands with supreme ability since he had come there from a small post in Newfoundland, was listening to the drums of the Sheba flag patrol for the last time. Tomorrow the six-weekly steamer would call, and in a special suite contrived for him by knocking two cabins into one, surrounded by special attentions from the ship's personnel and skillful flattery from the commander, who knew where lay the interests of his line, he would voyage to Kaiviti, the famous group, the Paris of the Pacific, where he would take up the post of assistant high commissioner, which might well lead, as every one knew, to governorship, high commissionership, the ruling of the whole Western Pacific, and after that to almost anything—if you had the record of Rufus Carlin and the interest of the Carlin family at your back.

HE was giving a farewell dinner party, and Laurence Craythorne, wife of Cyril Craythorne, of the "lands," was at his right hand. A wonderfully white-and-black woman she was, with sulky lips, too full; hair in a Japanese halo (as was worn in those prewar years), so black that the reflections of the hanging oil lamps showed in it definitely blue; skin like a frangipani blossom, all white velvet. With that skin and the hands of her you could scarcely have accused Laurence of colored blood. Yet there were those who spoke learnedly of Mendel; said that her white forebears might be dominant, but that if you knew the temperament of the women you could safely match her, as to ancestry, with something out of West Africa or, maybe, Maoriland.

Only Rufus the Resident fully understood her, and he, by virtue of his early years, now never spoken of, in the low bright islands of the line, knew that she was that rare thing, that not always desirable combination, a white woman with the fiery heart of the black. He knew too that she was sitting there at his side that night, cool outwardly as a volcano with the snow upon its sides, but inwardly aflame with the agony of parting from him. Laurence had been in love with him for at least a year.

On his other side sat Lady Connemara Blake, the daughter of an Irish peer; beautiful with the moonlight beauty of the high-bred Celt, cool, charming, incalculable. Rufus had loved her reasonably well for the two years of his stay; had been engaged to her, he was not quite sure how long. She was exactly the wife for a future governor, and he liked her extremely. But Laurence—well, he hardly dared to tell himself just what he thought of her.

Connemara said, setting down her glass: "I hear the new Resident's what Americans call a mixer. That will be a change for the Shebas." She was speaking to the man on her other side, and watching Rufus as she spoke. She was almost sure that Mrs. Craythorne was touching his foot under the table. Connemara was not really jealous of Laurence. She was rather a stupid woman herself, so she understood clever women like Laurence quite well, and despised them. Hadn't she beaten Laurence in the race? "She would 'put her eyes on shticks' for him," Connemara thought. "After tomorrow—after tomorrow!"

All the time she was talking to the chief medical officer beside her, and covertly watching Rufus.

The chief medical officer was a man who could keep secrets. He was about as old as the Resident, thirty-five or -seven years of age, and he had known him longer than any one else in the islands. They had come to the Shebas together. Bachelors both, they shared the same house; and the curious Bluebeard quality that hung about the life, the home of Carlin seemed to have infected Martin-

dale as well. There was no casual running in and out of the Residency; no sudden making up of picnics and bathing parties. Formal entertainments were given, at longish intervals. Connemara's brother, a minor official, and the girl herself had always been included.

On one such night Martindale, the medical officer, had said queerly to Carlin, as they saw the last of their guests go, lantern-guided, down the Residency Hill, "That girl could keep her mouth shut, if she liked." Rufus had nodded and, pouring himself out a stiffish whisky, said, with the glass at his lips, "Yes." Not long after that it was known they were engaged.

The dinner tonight took longer than usual. Sheba head-hunters, in kilts and flowered headdresses, handed the food and poured the wine. It was fearfully warm. Faces and arms were dripping wet. The old-fashioned punkah, swinging over the table, only seemed to stir up and distribute the heat. People kept congratulating Carlin on his promotion, prophesying great things for the future. Carlin answered them with one half of his mind. He was dreaming.

"Penny," said Connemara, with her exquisite smile, that seemed to mean so much and really meant only that she had had ancestors, many of them, who had larger hearts and bigger brains than she.

Rufus was never unready. "Thinking of—isobars," he said.

"Isobars? What are they? Do you eat them or play them on the piano?"

"You read them on the map. They mean degrees of heat in different countries, such as the Shebas, Kaiviti, South America."

"There are lots of pretty girls in Kaiviti," Laurence said, not looking at him.

"SHE'S going through hell," Connemara thought. "Her nails are cutting into her hands. I can see them under the tablecloth." As for herself, she knew that Rufus wasn't thinking of Kaiviti. She would have given something to know of what he *was* thinking. There were many blanks, for her, upon the map of his personality. She was never quite sure whether she wished to see them filled in or not. But she was going to be the wife of the high commissioner, and hear fifteen guns fired for her husband. She wondered if he would enjoy them as much as she herself would.

Rufus was thinking, and talking at the same time. He did not know what he was saying—only that it was correct and the right thing. What he saw was something very different.

The Lakas years ago. Young Rufus Carlin, but a little while before on the summit of all human happiness, now at the nadir, fighting with all his force the terrible epidemic that had struck the Lakas after finding—and against his advice using—certain beds thrown overboard from an unknown vessel. Smallpox!

He was protected; he had, of course, been vaccinated in babyhood. But the Lakas had never heard of vaccination, and the island schooner, that might have been sent for serum and for help, was wrecked on a neighboring reef. Like winter flies he saw them die—the girl he had loved, the children, the fine men who had been his companions; last—for old folk resist infection long—the old men who had, year after year, worked to make him one of themselves. They had nearly done it. He was, all but a little, a true Laka warrior when the Black Year came.

It had broken him. He had loved the Lakas, those small bright islands near the line, fairy rings of atolls, pincushions of palms. To him they represented happiness and peace. They were protected from all the sorrows that seared the hearts of humanity elsewhere. They were paradise on earth, a sweet eternity, won without the pain of dying.

Then—terror, bereavement, death; the blackening of the very light of day. Then, too late, the coming of that wandering doctor who had told him what, in the absence of vaccine, he ought to have done. Inoculation. It saved a few of those left.

HE had gone away with the doctor, broken and desperate, only wanting to forget.

"I know your people," Martindale had told him. "You could be slipped into one of the minor colonies, with a bit of interest. Take my advice—you're a real Carlin—and go."

Rufus told him something. Then—

"I'd give my soul now to be in the colonial service," he said. "I want to work and forget. But—"

Martindale said: "Rubbish! What they don't know'll do them no harm. Try for a cold country first. That's my advice."

All that came after he had half forgotten. There was nothing interesting in the easy climb that had led him back to the Pacific, to the Shebas, and now to larger things. Tonight, on the last steps of the ladder, he could think of nothing but the way the Lakas had looked when he first came to them: the dry bright sands and the palms touched with yellow; the lagoons, iris-blue and apple-green; the trade wind blowing; and the light-hearted merry loneliness of it all. Yes, with a hundred girls and a hundred chiefs about him, the merry loneliness had been there. He liked it. "To hell with these twopence-colored steamy places," he thought—"Shebas, Kaiviti, and all!"

He was disturbed, unsettled, the fine edges of his mind blunted as if he had drunk twice his usual moderate allowance of wine, instead of half. "It's Laurence," he thought. "She's a jewel, a dark jewel set in ivory." And he wondered how it was that, with that stupid plucky husband of hers, the lands commissioner, so often absent, with the knowledge that she was his for the asking, he hadn't—asked. But of course he knew why.

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The Shebas were still rocking with the scandal of a few years ago, when the last Resident had run away with the wife of a constabulary commandant. Any one who repeated that scandal would have small chance of high commissionerships.

To be in love with more women than one, as he undoubtedly was, didn't worry Rufus from an abstract point of view. He had learned many things in the Lakas long ago. "I should like to have them both," he thought. "I should like to have Connemara for governor's lady, and Laurence—Laurence!—on a little island in the harbor, with her native maids and her garden, just waiting. And maybe Lua, if one could call her back from the shades! But Laurence—Laurence!—she's Lua and Connemara in one."

"Yes," he said, in answer to Connemara, on his left. "We're having a record hot season. Kaiviti? Much of the same. Better houses, of course."

He said to Laurence, who was talking too (the Resident was used to this sort of competition): "Certainly. Have the bathing hut when you like. The steamer won't be in before six. So you're going to give the sharks another chance? . . . Yes, Connemara; about five days. Write? Why, of course; immediately. They say the islands will have wireless telegraphy some day. . . . Hate it? Now what makes you think I'd hate wireless?" to Laurence.

"Because I know you," Laurence said, putting a piece of mango into her mouth and looking down at the peeled stone as if she felt she had stripped away all its secrets. She was an adept at this curious talking without talk; and that was another point where she touched, nearly, the dark races of whose blood she did not own a drop.

There was a bathing party next day in the little inlet below the Residency Hill, where it was shallow and comparatively safe. Carlin went down to look on. It was seldom that he showed himself at swimming parties, and he never joined the swimmers. "Can't stand the sun in the water," he used to say. "Burns the liver out of you." At night he used to swim sometimes, practicing strange feats along the upper reaches of the river. Martindale, the doctor, joined him occasionally; no one else was asked. "Jack London's right," Carlin had been heard to say. "Too much of that violet-ray stuff isn't good for a white man." And Martindale backed him, talking professional stuff which nobody understood.

Connemara, who swam well, made one of the party today. In her new red bathing dress she liked her own appearance, though nobody stared at her quite as much as they stared at "that" Mrs. Craythorne, who, in a mere rag of black satin and her own white skin, looked like some ivory figurine from the lost cities of Crete.

She would show her! Connemara thought. Mrs. Craythorne could swim pretty well, but she didn't know that new stroke, the "crawl," that was so spectacular and fast, and obliged you to swim head under most of the time, without looking where you were going. Bothersome, that. But she didn't mind, if she could take Laurence down a bit—show her up to Rufus at the last.

THREE of them were in the water together: Connemara, Laurence, and Laurence's husband, a commonplace fat young man who adored his wife and wouldn't let her venture into the mild breakers of the cove without his protecting company. He swam energetically but awkwardly, breast stroke, high in the water. They were used, on these parties, to leave him a long way behind; but in the end he always came up, panting.

The narrow moss-agate-colored cove, filled with shadows of drooping palms, opened out before them. They were all swimming hard. It had become a race between Connemara and Laurence, and Craythorne wouldn't be left quite behind. The water, warm as a warm bath, grew cooler as they reached the depths outside, where it was seldom any one ventured to go. If Craythorne had had his way they would not have ventured now; they would all have stayed among the safe hot shallows where the flame-blue and scarlet reef fish scraped against one's legs and the giant purple starfish went rolling with the tide.

Carlin sat on a rock, carelessly looking on at the race. He was too masculine in type to care very much about the futilities of feminine athletics. If it had been a real sporting event he would have been running up and down, shouting and waving, making bets on the swimmers. As things were, he only wished they would have done with it and come out where he could see and admire Laurence's legs. It was extremely hot; but the Resident—so it seemed—didn't mind any degree of heat when he was duly protected by clothing. The native prisoners, cutting grass beside him, were not more indifferent to the blazing sun than he.

His eyes wandered to Craythorne, whom he had always more or less disliked, holding him in jealous contempt. The man was such a fool! What was he splashing and yelling for now, like a cockney on bank holiday? No government officer ought—

"God!" said Rufus Carlin, and sprang to his feet. For a single moment he stood there motionless. Craythorne, the "fool," still splashing and yelling, had flung himself into the path of a long black shining back, topped with a huge fin, that had suddenly sprung up from the deep and was cruising about between the two women.

He swam toward it, beating the water noisily. Whether he was trying to drive the shark away, or to attract it to himself, no one ever knew—and the result was all one, for the monster, turning from the women, made straight for him.

Almost at once he vanished. Where he had sunk, the water turned black-red—and that was all of Craythorne.

THE Resident was swiftly tearing off his outer clothing, and before Laurence's husband had fairly disappeared he was into the water, somewhat strangely clad in underdrawers and a blue mesh elbow-sleeved singlet. Between his teeth, as he swam furiously, shone a grass-cutting knife, new-ground and sharp, that he had snatched from one of the prisoners.

The shark came up again, hovered about for a moment, and then turned, with a huge sweep, toward the scarlet-clad figure of Connemara, who was still swimming hard, head down, unconscious of disaster. Laurence, in her black dress, it left behind. The Sheba folk, who feared sharks as they certainly did not fear the devil, could have told you that red was simple shark bait; black, coming nearer to the color of their own dark skins, somewhat more safe. But white people, they would have said, knew nothing about anything that mattered.

On the shore, the doctor and a couple of stray storekeepers watched, with fear and amazement, the race between Carlin and the shark. It seemed for a moment as if the brute must reach Connemara first.

"She'll be killed, and so will he!" shouted one of the storekeepers. "He's as frightened as hell, anyhow. I saw him shakin' and 'esitatin' before he went."

The doctor said: "If you had a tenth part of that sort of fright about you, you'd be— Look! For God's sake, look!"

They were looking. And what they saw would have been incredible, told as a story, to all but the one man who knew the islands of the line and had seen the marvelous shark play of the chiefs of Laka.

Carlin was playing the shark as a skilled toreador plays a bull. He struck it, blooded it, and dived underneath it—coming up again, to circle about it, knife in hand, waiting his chance and avoiding its furious charges. Twice he struck again, and the shark turned half over, showing its corpse-pale belly and thrashing with its tail. The water was red; the foam that lashed about the combatants was livid pink in color. Once more Carlin, raising himself out of water, came down and struck, almost severing the spinal column of the shark. It was the deathblow. Helpless and writhing, the monster floated, dead almost, yet not to die for hours.

Before this a boat had been launched, and the storekeepers and the doctor were rowing hard. Connemara, who was feebly splashing, terrified, they seized and pulled in. Laurence followed. "He's dead," she faintly said. "He's dead!" She sat with her face on her knees, doubled up. The doctor stretched a hand to Carlin.

"No," Carlin said, and turned away to swim toward the shore. It was strange, then, to observe that while his cotton drawers were bloodstained and torn, the tight

blue lace-mesh jersey seemed to be untouched. And stockings!—also blue—were on his legs.

They landed. Connemara, who ought by rights to have fallen at the feet of her "preserver," sobbingly thanking him for the gift of her life, stood upright, with a face so inexpressive that one knew at once she was blazing with anger.

"Disgrace!" was all she said. "Disgrace!" It seemed as if she could find no other words. She lifted one hand and pointed, with a tragic gesture, at the body and limbs of the Resident. Like finest lace, like carving done by the hand of a master—and indeed it had so been done, by hands of many masters, through years and years, all but the last and most delicate process for the hands and forearms—the famed tattooing of the Lakas showed blue and wonderful on the skin of Rufus Carlin. Almost naked as he was, he seemed to be completely clad. But, for Connemara, he was clad in shame.

In the islands, in all black countries, to "go native" is disgrace. A man may rise again from that life; may have done so, and afterward found wealth, position, fame. But it has seldom, almost never, been known that one so stamped with the very seal of the island, so made native forever as Carlin, has risen above the beaches and the hut.

Connemara had known that Rufus, like Bluebeard, had his secrets. She had guessed at native wives, native families maybe, hidden away at the back of the island. She had let her fancy run on the deeds of typical black sheep, exiled by their families and hereinafter rising to high fame. She was prepared for almost anything in the man who was to make her a governor's lady.

If she had known of this secret, and if she had been sure that no one else knew, she would have shut her teeth on it and endured.

Thus far Rufus had read her rightly.

But when, for the sake of saving her, he had flung everything aside and blazoned out the secret

The monster, turning from the women, made straight for Craythorne.

in broad day—when he had, by that action, made himself the butt and jest of the islands—he, the tattooed man, who ought to have been in a circus instead of a Government House—Connemara's generosity failed. White with the cold rage she made her way up from the bathing cove without one backward glance.

She did not even notice that Craythorne had not reappeared, and that Laurence was sitting on the rocks, crying and half stunned.

Rufus looked at her. "She doesn't really care; she only thinks she does," was the thought that ran through his mind below the fierce current of his anger and disappointment at Connemara's behavior. And almost immediately he thought, "She is a widow!"

"Dress yourself," whispered Martindale beside him.

He shook his head. "Too late," he said.

"No," maintained the other. "Your record—they'll pass it over—you'll be—"

"An assistant R. M. upcountry somewhere," Rufus finished for him.

"No, no. Even if you don't get—the best"—he knew as well as Rufus that a tattooed governor, known to be tattooed, was a thing impossible from the Colonial Office point of view—"they'll give you something good. They can't afford to do without a man like you."

Rufus had taken a cigarette from Martindale's case and was lighting it. In a minute he answered, "They will have to."

The crazy Carlins, was the doctor's thought. When they fly off the handle— "What are you going to do?"

Rufus did not answer. He was giving his hand to Laurence, helping her up. "Don't cry," he said to her. "He died like a brave man." He spoke gently, but there was no pretense of sorrow in his voice.

She stood up and looked at him—looked him up and down. In the full sunlight he confronted her, the white Laka warrior whom the old men had worked on long ago, who had lain silent beneath the torture of the shark's teeth and the thorns, hour after hour and week after week, for years, until the marvelous work of art was almost done.

Impulsively she seized his hands and held them, dropped them, a deep flush on her cheek. "White, with the dark heart's fire," he thought. "She is worthy of me!"

Modesty had never been a virtue of the Carlins.

"In a week," he said, "I'll come to see you."

The steamer went without Rufus Carlin. "Urgent private affairs," he wrote, detained him. He knew the story would fly on wings of scandal over the islands; but appearances must be kept up for a while.

TO Laurence's home he came in a week's time, during which he had not seen or written to Connemara. He had sponged her from his life in the moment when she turned away from him; and like Lot, he never looked back.

Laurence was lying in her chair on the veranda. Through the half dark she saw him coming, and her heart beat as if it would break its way out of her bosom; her hands and arms turned cold in all the heat of that mid-hot-season night. There was a moon hanging low among the stars of climbing jasmine that wreathed the pillars.

He picked her up and lifted her into his arms. For a long time he held her, silent, crushed to him, with his lips on hers. At last he released her, and she fell back on her chair, blind and half insensible with joy.

He was speaking. She collected herself to listen.

"Laurence, would you take me, disgraced and out of a job?"

"Would I?" she answered him, almost sobbing. "I—I'd go to the gallows with you, if they'd let me hang beside you."

"Have you heard of the Lakas?" he said. "They're a long way away, under the line, little bright islands like pictures in a stained-glass window; and the wind blows there all the time, and you can hear the sea on the reef, no matter where you go. I left them. I've been sorry ever since. Things pass—I was too young to know. I'll go back—if you'll go with me."

The pressure of her hand answered him.

He said, "I won't be out of a job after all, sweetheart. The Lakas have come on a little—I hope they'll never come on too much. That'll be one of the things I'll attend to. But they're going to put a magistrate there, and I could have it for the asking. I've no doubt," he said dryly, "that they will think me eminently qualified—for the Lakas."

It was the only note of bitterness she ever heard.

THE END

SIXTH WEEK'S WINNERS, HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

(Above) $100 prize winner submitted by Charles S. Glover of Charleston, S. C. (Right) Mrs. Lila W. Stearns of Marblehead, Mass., titles this $10 prize winner "The First Snow."

LIBERTY congratulates the fifty-one cash prize winners in the sixth week of the contest named at the right. Checks for the amounts of their prizes will be forwarded without delay.

$100 FIRST PRIZE

CHARLES S. GLOVER
Charleston, S. C.

Ten $10 Second Prizes

Leo Edge, Birmingham, Ala.; H. M. Harris, Clarksdale, Miss.; Mrs. J. M. Holmes, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gaylord D. Legg, Evansville, Ind.; Mildred Maupin, Beverly Hills, Calif.; W. B. McCorkle, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mrs. Elva Pierce, Bellflower, Ill.; Jesse E. Smith, Flushing, N. Y.; Mrs. Lila W. Stearns, Marblehead, Mass.; Bob Wilkins, King City, Calif.

Forty $5 Prizes

Alma Aldrich, Grafton, W. Va.; Ralph J. Ayer, Eastonville, Colo.; Mrs. F. A. Bacher, Randolph Field, Tex.; Joseph Baldorff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Truman Benson, Binghamton, N. Y.; Edna Breneiser, Reading, Pa.; Roberta Brown, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. A. H. Burtt, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. Harold Calbeck, Bremerton, Wash.; Felix Calhoun, Austin, Tex.; Mrs. A. B. Chancey, Albuquerque, N. M.; C. T. Darke, Regina, Sask.; Mrs. Robert J. Donnelly, Binghamton, N. Y.

J. R. Doughty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Helene Ellis, Knoxville, Tenn.; John Fonger, Saskatoon, Sask.; T. R. Frederick, Newport News, Va.; Dr. David Hadden, Oakland, Calif.; Esther F. Hayden, Framingham, Mass.; George L. Jansen, Hills, Minn.; C. F. Johnston, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Charles E. Krutch, Knoxville, Tenn.; G. C. Lynde, Muskogee, Okla.; H. S. Marshon, Los Angeles, Calif.; L. Mazzanovich, Pecos, N. M.; Laura Moore, Ozone Park, N. Y.

Daniel Muller, Newburgh, N. Y.; Vera Requa, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. George Richter, Niagara, Wis.; John Rynning, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. A. H. Shattuck, Grand Island, Neb.; B. M. Shelton, Banning, Calif.; W. G. Stephenson, St. Louis, Mo.; H. H. Swarthout, Upper Darby, Pa.; Dr. H. M. Takahashi, San Francisco, Calif.; Bertha C. Turner, Kansas City, Mo.; John I. Vaughn, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Joseph Watson, Yalesville, Conn.; Cecil J. Wilkerson, Waterloo, Iowa; Mrs. L. A. Woolever, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEVENTH WEEK'S WINNERS NEXT WEEK

The Gay Life of a Prima Donna Is the Bunk—

Says One of Opera's Most Sensational Stars

By

LILY PONS,

As told to

ROSE HEYLBUT

(Reading time: 8 min. 45 sec.)

WHEN I was a girl at home in France I used to delight in reading stories about stage stars. What thrilled me especially was the pictures they painted of the star's life. Satin-damask dressing rooms filled with flowers. Ermine robes. Whole squadrons of gallant gentlemen, all rich, handsome, and devoted. Luxury. Temperament! Parties, midnight suppers, champagne every day, night after night of after-theater gayeties. *Life!* Oh, how I yearned, somehow, some day, to be able to lead a star's life myself!

LILY PONS

Then, three years ago, all unknown and unheralded, I stepped upon the great stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. The next day I found myself an operatic star!

Well, for three years now I, too, have been living a star's life. And how does the real thing compare with those glowing stories I used to devour? About as a good solid kitchen stove compares with a penthouse set in the movies.

No, I'm not the least bit disillusioned. I love my work—my *work*, mind you—more than anything else. I love my public. But a career of singing has very little in common with the popular idea of a prima donna's life.

Certainly there is glamour in successful stage work. But it doesn't show much. It has to do with slaving six days a week, so that on the seventh you may know the satisfaction of a job well done. It has to do with living up to responsibilities, with knowing that you are keeping true to the best that's in you. Every worker who takes his job seriously knows that sort of glamour, and *that is the biggest glamour of a star's life.*

As for the rosy pictures made by those beautiful stories, let us begin with the great roomy satin-damask dressing rooms. The dressing rooms of a repertory company, where bills and casts are changed every night, are not privately owned. They are used according to rank. All the first sopranos, for instance, use the same room on the nights they sing. These rooms measure something like ten by ten, and are painted glossless gray.

There are a dressing table, two chairs, and a couch, all plain and impersonal.

It is seldom that flowers are unpacked in the dressing room. There isn't time to do more than glance at the cards and project a grateful thought to the senders until one gets back home.

The ermine robes give way in reality to the plainest sort of washable kimono, which you wear to keep yourself free of grease paint and powder while you're making up. Then you cover your hair with something that looks like a bathing cap and the wig goes on. Then you put on your first-act costume, and the call boy taps on your door and says:

"Madame, we are beginning in half a minute!"

Nobody ever comes to your dressing room before or during a performance. After the opera is over, near midnight, a few friends rap on your door. What they see is a small person taking deep breaths on the couch and wiping away what would be beads of perspiration if they could get through the grease paint. They seldom stay very long.

So much for the squadrons of rich, handsome, and devoted gentlemen!

The next charming myth that needs exploding is the one about "operatic temperament." I often used to wonder just what about a musical career made you "temperamental"—that is, mean, contrary, sulky, bad-tempered. In my three years' experience with the ranking stars of the musical world I have never witnessed one outburst of temper or lack of consideration. On the other hand, I have seen displays of patience and perseverance that could give pointers to a professor of pedagogy. I remember one rehearsal in particular, where the stellar rôle of one of my colleagues was being completely "muffed" by the slipshod performance of one of the minors in the cast. The stage manager was beginning to pass his hands through his hair. The conductor was making sounds in his throat. The rehearsal was dragging. And then the star held up her hand and said, "If we've spent this much time on this scene, possibly we can have just ten minutes more?"

And she went off into a corner of the wings with the miscreant minor and coached that girl in word, tone, and gesture with greater patience and thoroughness than the average vocal coach would have displayed. To picture Miss Lucrezia Bori, for instance, in a fit of jittering "temperament" is as ludicrous as to picture Queen Mary of England similarly distressed.

I am proud to think that no one has ever seen me lose control of myself. Do I get nervous? Of course I do! Any one feels a certain indescribable trembling as the zero hour draws near. It's a feeling one never quite gets over.

But it's a point of honor with me not to give in. I don't like people to see my weaker moments! Besides, if I were to "get temperamental," I should accomplish nothing more than to spread an infection of nerves among a dozen singers, stage managers, conductors, and assistant conductors who are probably conquering zero-hour quivers of their own.

AND now for the parties! When my performance is over and I have been thoroughly rubbed down and have changed my clothes, I rush for a taxi (no, not my private limousine), drive a weary mile to my apartment, have a bath, and creep into bed, after a very light supper. And that is all I am fit for. Not only are parties impossible after singing, but one avoids them altogether. Unsociable? Not a bit. You avoid them because you are a star and must guard your health, your endurance, your throat. My cook goes to more parties a winter than I. This season I've been out exactly twice—and I like a jolly time as well as any one!

Here is a typical day for me in midseason. I rise before eight, have a light breakfast of coffee and rolls, and set to work practicing. It is best for the voice to work early. At eleven I have my English lesson. From twelve to one my manager comes, or representatives from the press, or a photographer. After a one-o'clock lunch, I rest an hour. This rest is my one regular luxury.

Stage rehearsals may be called at any hour of the day, and when that happens my entire routine is thrown out of gear. But let us suppose that we have an afternoon rehearsal today. It is called for three, and, since there is no knowing how long it will last, I can make no advance plans for the later hours. If I have time after it, I visit shops—I'm very fond of shopping—or I take a walk in the park with Ita, my tiny Brazilian jaguar. Then I come in for dinner.

In the evening I may practice a bit more if I'm not too tired, and go through the day's mail. I'm usually in bed before eleven, because my constitution is one that happens to need much sleep. On the day of a performance I remain perfectly quiet all day, to keep fresh for the evening. Up to now I have not found time in this routine for much carousing! Vacations? Well, I really don't know. In the three years I've been a star I haven't had any!

YOU must remember that the position of star is still something of a novelty for me. I was trained to be a pianist, and a severe illness cut me off from that career. Later, when it came time for me to earn my own living, I got a job on the stage in Paris, playing small parts. My voice was discovered by the merest accident when I was twenty-one. For two years I studied, and made my operatic début when I was twenty-three. An odd thing about my career is that before I was engaged for the Metropolitan Opera, I was never a regular member of any opera company.

After two years of singing abroad, I was engaged for the "Met" and I've been there three years.

You can easily imagine that when a generous public flings the mantle of approval upon a girl who is unused to glamour, the sensation is startling. Sometimes I stand before the mirror and tell the girl I see there:

"That isn't *you*—that's Lily Pons!"

The *me* I know best is a provincial French girl who never had more than moderate comforts. I was born in Cannes, one of the Riviera cities in the south of France. We are a family of three girls. I'm the oldest, and my youngest sister is seventeen. My mother has always been a good pal to us. We spent much of our time outdoors, gardening, hiking, swimming, riding horseback. A great deal of time went into household tasks and studies, of course.

Treats were rare in our household—something to be looked forward to. I can vividly recall the thrill of walking to an old bakery once a week, as a reward for good behavior, and selecting one cake. I used to try to do my tasks and my duties so that I might try a different cake each week.

And now I am a star! But surely, you will say, I have time enough and money enough today to live better. To which I might reply, Is that so? First of all, I am separated from my family, which is really a great deprivation. Next year perhaps, when my youngest sister's schooling is finished, I hope to have them come to America with me.

True, I am able to live better now than I ever have. I have an apartment overlooking Central Park, and a maid to cook for me. Best of all, I am able to provide for mother and the girls at home.

But as to the rest of my present mode of life, I thank fortune for the discipline I was given as a girl!

Practically none of the things I would normally seek as recreation enter into my program. I have little time to read. I daren't go in for the accustomed sports lest I take cold, or strain myself, or lose weight. My contacts with people—plain everyday people—are necessarily limited. My work happens to be the sort that the world calls glamorous, but the conscientious pursuit of it keeps me as routined, as confined, as any research chemist in a laboratory.

That is what I have found the gay life of the prima donna to be.

Then why do I stick to it? Why don't I break loose and have fun? Because I happen to be born with an unconquerable love for music. To work at music, to serve it in my own small way, means more to me than the most thrilling list of individual pleasures.

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 min. 57 sec.)

AN orchestra conductor's head is full of imaginary musicians. Imaginary fiddlers, drummers, oboe players, etc., practice a piece for days, weeks, months, years in the conductor's head before he feels qualified to lead his real orchestra through the actual playing of that piece. You see, I've just been learning things about the mysterious art of orchestra conducting. I've been talking to Nicolai Sokoloff, one of the best known in the country. He conducted the Cleveland Orchestra for fifteen years. Now he conducts the New York Orchestra.

"An orchestra leader," he said, "has to be a combination statesman, preacher, slave driver, nurse, and social mixer. He has to be a good musician too."

The big symphony orchestra leaders earn anywhere from $20,000 to $100,000 a year. I guess they earn it! Although the playing of a symphony takes no more than half an hour, orchestra conductors work regularly from eight to seventeen hours a day getting ready for the performance. Nicolai Sokoloff tells me that modern music needs a lot of study. But not as much as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which he says is the toughest baby of them all. Mr. Sokoloff likes to think out his work in a nice quiet country barn or lying on the grass under a tree.

Nicolai Sokoloff

STRONG language is making life difficult for a young woman of my acquaintance. She is the daughter of a sea captain, a widower. Her two brothers are both in the merchant marine. At home she has heard strong language all her life. You can't expect three seafaring men to restrain their talk, like Little Lord Fauntleroys, just because there happens to be a girl in the house. Neither can you expect a girl to hear lusty language all her life without acquiring the habit of using it.

That is her problem now. She has grown up, is a polite young lady moving in polite circles—but she says things, sometimes, that shock people out of their wits. Must she learn to be conversationally sweet and ladylike? Or should her friends be broad enough to take her as she is?

TELEPHONE rings. "I'm here for a week!" screams your out-of-town friend. "Can you lunch with me today?" No, you can't. A previous engagement. "Too bad!" screams your friend from out of town. "I'll call you up later." Then your out-of-towner rings off without giving you the slightest hint where she (or he) is staying.

You would like to fix up a party. You can't do it, because you don't know how to get in touch. You telephone everywhere. No trace of your out-of-town friend.

This is a social nuisance. Visiting firemen—attention: When you come to town and call us up, *please* tell us where you're parked!

I HAVE lived in this country long enough to know that Jeffersonian Democrats are something special among America's citizenry. I haven't lived here long enough to be one, or to be sure that I want to be one—but I am beginning to understand their enthusiasm. Thomas Jefferson was a poetic realist. If there were nothing else to idolize him for, I could love him for his travel diary alone. Look at these notes he put down, about a hundred and thirty years ago, while passing through the French town of Nimes:

At Nîmes the earth is full of limestone. The horses are shorn. Men are pruning the olive. A very good tree produces sixty pounds of olives which yield fifty pounds of oil; the best quality sells at five sous the pound wholesale and ten sous retail. The horsechestnut and mulberry are leafing, the apple trees and peas blossoming. The first butterfly I have seen. The arches of the Pont St. Esprit are eighty-eight feet. Wild figs, very flourishing, grow out of the Pont du Card. The fountain of Nîmes is so deep that a stone is sixteen seconds descending from the surface to the bottom.

There was a man who enjoyed the world as he found it. Life could never bore him!

REMEMBERING the traditional Chinese woman with her dainty fan and her tiny tortured feet, it is quite a shock to learn that eighteen stalwart Chinese girls have just become full-fledged cops on the Peiping police force. They carry clubs and revolvers like the men cops. They have been trained to take care of themselves in any knock-down-drag-out fight. Such news items from the Orient always impress me. They make me realize how drastically our world is changing, changing all the time!

A LITTLE serious reading won't do you any harm these long winter nights. Try Burton Rascoe's new book, Prometheans: Ancient and Modern. It is a lively study of nine writers who have made the world think. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

DON'T get the idea that wine requires fancy cooking. Some of the best *plain* dishes are made with wine—and for wine. *Bœuf Bourguignon*, for example.

Make it like this: Cut 2 pounds lean beef into 2-inch pieces. Fry 12 small cubes salt pork with 12 small onions until brown. Remove and fry beef in same pan until brown. Now sprinkle beef with 1½ tablespoons flour and 1 generous pinch each of salt, pepper, marjoram, and thyme. Put meat in heavy saucepan, adding 1 cup red wine and ½ cup water or bouillon. Cook 4 hours *as slowly as possible*. Three quarters of an hour before serving, add the onions and ½ pound sliced mushrooms.

The sauce should be thick, dark brown. Serve with crusty French bread and red table wine.

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

Among Those Present

Fate Plays Strange Tricks, but Seldom a Stranger One than This — A Story with a Surprise Around the Corner

By

THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE door of a shabby eating joint on South State Street, south of the Loop, was jarred open. From the doorway flew John Timpane, to land on the sidewalk a-sprawl.

"And don't try that again!" roared the big cook in the doorway, slapping his hands together in a gesture of ablution.

John Timpane gathered himself up and slouched away.

John Timpane—age twenty-eight, height five feet eight, eyes blue, hair brown, normal weight one hundred and sixty—was down and out, dirty, dilapidated, and despairing. He had a month's beard on his gaunt face.

He drifted along South State Street by the cheap dives, the ten-cent burlesque houses, the flop houses, and was near Police Headquarters when he was accosted.

A clean and elegant young man had been strolling among the drifters, scrutinizing them, and now he spoke to John Timpane.

"Let me see your teeth, buddy!"

Having nothing to lose, John Timpane opened his mouth. The young man looked in, and nodded.

"What are you?" asked the stranger. "Just a bum?"

"Guess so," said John Timpane with dull indifference.

"I'm thinking of making a banker of you. Can you read and write? How much is twice two? Here, read the address on this envelope."

"'Alpheus Cronkitt, Hotel Ingleside, Chicago, Illinois.'"

"You may do," said the stranger. "If you have any nerve left." He waved to a cab.

"Get in there, and make yourself small. Hotel L'Etoile!"

The cab halted ten minutes later before the stately L'Etoile on West Street. John Timpane followed the stranger by the monumental doorman and into the handsome lobby. They took an elevator to the twentieth floor and entered a two-room suite, luxurious, with open fire.

"Wash!" said the stranger, pointing to the bathroom. "Put on the clothes you find in there. Phew, what a bum!"

When John Timpane emerged from the bathroom he was a white man under his beard, and was decorously clad in a business suit.

"Take your own clothes and burn them up there. Here, what's that you're taking out of the pocket?"

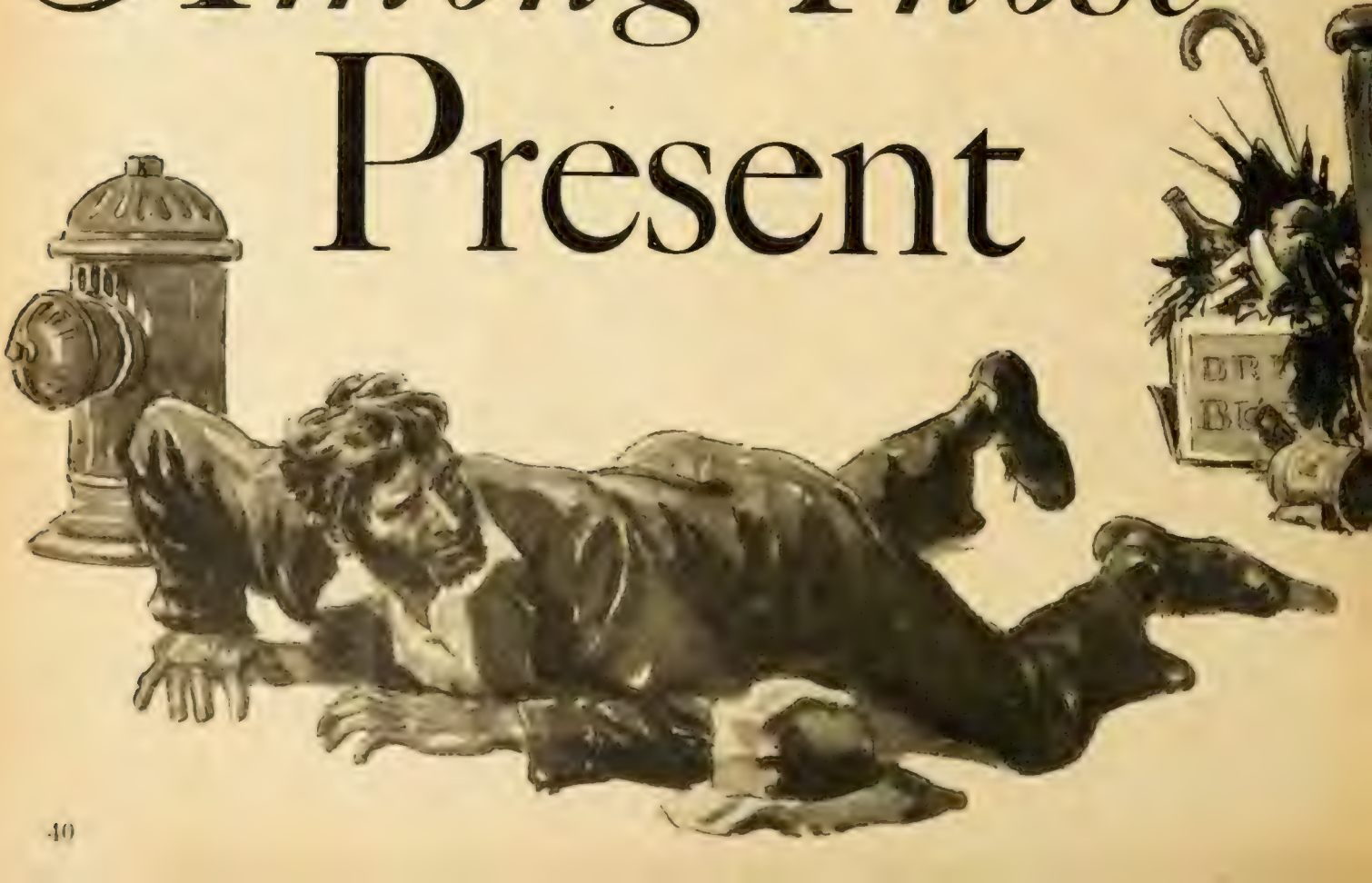
"Just a picture of my wife and kids. Got two."

"In the fire with it! What are you undressing for?"

"Going to give you your clothes back."

"Just because— Oh, keep the picture, then. Hungry?"

"Always."



" Let me have room service, please," said the stranger into the telephone. " Room service? Send up at once a double porterhouse, baked potatoes, string beans, asparagus with butter sauce, rice pudding with cream sauce, and a quart of milk! Also a grapefruit and a lemonade."

He turned to his guest. " My name is Jones—Samuel Jones."

" Timpane's mine, mister—John Timpane."

" Timpane, what would you do if you had a thousand dollars? Keep thinking that one over for a while."

A uniformed waiter entered, pushing a table. When he was gone, Mr. Jones, averting his eyes from the smoking beef and Idaho potato, picked a half grapefruit from its bed of ice and ate it hungrily. He drank the lemonade.

" Don't try that again!" roared the cook. From the doorway flew John Timpane.

" Don't smack your lips like that, Timpane," he grumbled. " It's all for you. Here, what's the idea of leaving all that milk? Drink every last drop of it! Can you drink cream? "

" I'd like to try, Mr. Jones."

" You'll get a quart with your supper; you've got to fatten quick. Go over there and write your name and address—the last place you lived—on an envelope. Make it ' General Delivery, hold till called for.' "

" ' Hull's Village, Massachusetts,' " read Mr. Jones aloud. He drew ten one-hundred-dollar notes from his pocket and put them one by one into the envelope. He went to the desk, sealed the envelope, and beckoned John Timpane. They went into the public hall and to a mail chute. " Drop it in! " ordered Mr. Jones, handing John Timpane the envelope.

John Timpane dropped it in.

" When you get back home, Timpane, that letter will be waiting."

" Could I—could I start now, Mr. Jones? "

" No, you can't start now. I'm Santa Claus, but this isn't Christmas yet. Don't worry, you'll get free transportation.

" You have a bit of a bulge now, Timpane, but you're not what I'd call meaty. What kind of exercise do you think would build up your appetite? "

" Sleeping, Mr. Jones. I always wake up hungry."

UNDER razor and scissors, however inexpertly plied, John Timpane took on conventionality, came to look like a side-chopped English butler or an old-style banker, though very thin.

" Put these on," ordered Mr. Jones, giving him a pair of black-rimmed spectacles. " Now forget your name. You have amnesia, understand? "

Mr. Jones looked about for articles of personal property such as a gentleman from South State Street might bolt with if left alone.

" Well, why don't you go to sleep? "

" I'm afraid, Mr. Jones. I'm afraid I'll wake up on State Street."

But John Timpane lay down on the couch at last, and sleep stole toward him like a South State Street thug and struck him with its soft and resistless sandbag.

Mr. Jones descended to the street.

" Eleven twenty-one South State," he ordered, getting into a cab.

Sergeant Leon Starbuck, chief of the Missing Persons Bureau of the Police Department, sitting behind his desk in Room 303, drew toward him a description blank and nodded evokingly to Mr. Jones. " This man Alpheus Cronkitt whom you report missing—had he any birthmarks, deformities, scars? "

" Not that I recall, sergeant."

" How were his teeth, if you noticed? "

" Very good. Perfect, I'd say."

" Height? "

" Oh, average."

" Weight? "

" Underweight a lot. He'd been sick lately, he said."

" Hair and eyes? "

" Blue eyes and brown hair. His hair was badly cut. Did I tell you he wore side whiskers and eyeglasses with black rims? I'd say his age was about thirty."

" Residence? Business, if any? "

" Those are things I can't tell you, sergeant, though I rather think he had some position in a bank. You see, I met him first on a trip to Havana.

" As I've told you, I encountered him several days ago on Madison Street here. We chatted and I asked him to come to the L'Etoile for dinner. He accepted but didn't come; I called his hotel—he had said he was stopping at the Ingleside in Evanston, and I was told that he had left there in dinner clothes and carrying a coat. And he has not returned to the hotel since! The hotel says that he drew out twenty-five hundred dollars that he had on deposit there. I'm worried."

" Had he other friends or acquaintances in Chicago? "

" None, I believe. Yes, he said that, in accepting my invitation."

" I fear you have reason to worry, Mr. Jones."

"Hopkins," said Sergeant Starbuck when Mr. Jones was gone, "go up to the Ingleside and get what you can on a guest named Alpheus Cronkitt who's been missing for several days. Here's his description. Stop in at the morgue, too."

Detective Hopkins returned in an hour.

"Cronkitt walked out of the Ingleside at six o'clock last Tuesday evening, dressed in a Tuxedo, and he hasn't been seen since."

"Where was he from?"

"It looked like 'Barton, Mississippi,' on the register."

"Were you in his room?"

"Oh, yes. Funny! I figure he lost his baggage traveling, as everything in the room was bought in Chicago."

"Anybody at the hotel know him or his friends?"

"They knew him only by sight. He was only one day at the hotel. And he didn't take a cab there; the doorman saw him walk away."

The sergeant nodded. "Miss Grundy, send the regular inquiry to the Chief of Police, Barton, Mississippi."

The sergeant spoke into his telephone. "Thirteen thirteen!"

"Complaint Room," said the telephone in a girl's voice.

"Missing Persons calling. Take this for radio and teletype: To all precincts and cars, Alpheus Cronkitt missing. Left Hotel Ingleside, Evanston, last Tuesday six P. M. in dinner clothes, and carrying coat. Said to be going to Hotel L'Etoile on West Street. Average height, underweight, about thirty years, blue eyes, brown hair, side whiskers, spectacles. Answer Missing Persons Bureau."

The sergeant, pipe in mouth, glanced over the latest reports of unidentified dead, and then went to his card cases. Mr. Alpheus Cronkitt was not there.

By noon of the following day the first seining of the city had been completed. And then Mr. Samuel Jones himself telephoned.

"He's here, sergeant! Shall I bring him down?"

"No need to, Mr. Jones. What happened to him?"

"He can't tell me, sergeant. He came here because he had my card. He looks all right and seems sensible, but he doesn't recognize me and doesn't remember who he is. I think it's a case of—of—"

"Amnesia?"

"Yes, that's it! I'll keep him here, sergeant, and have a doctor look him over."

SERGEANT STARBUCK, whose professional interest in Alpheus Cronkitt had abated, was at his desk two days later, sorting his mail.

Among the inquiries from out of town was one from a woman who sought her vanished husband. The sergeant took down the description: hair brown, eyes blue, birthmark on neck like fingerprints, height, weight. He put the card aside tentatively, until the inquiry was made official.

"Tell this woman, Miss Grundy, to go to her own police first. We'll look for her husband as soon as we're asked to by the Police Department of her own town. Good morning, Captain Shuman!"

"Morning, sergeant," said the head of the Detective Division. "Found Alpheus Cronkitt, did you? Now *we're* looking for him! Where is he? He's wanted in Boston for embezzling sixty thousand dollars from the Everest Trust Company. He's supposed to be in Chicago on his vacation; meanwhile a bank examiner has been going over his books."

"Boston? Hopkins, that man Cronkitt was from Boston, Mass., not Barton, Miss. You read the register right? Queer; he didn't change his name, but didn't want us to know he came from Boston."

"Here's his description," said Captain Shuman.

"Might be any man of ten thousand," commented the sergeant, scanning the Boston telegram. "Outside of the side whiskers. But we're in luck, captain; Samuel Jones, who reported him missing, knows him well. Hopkins, go up to the L'Etoile and bring Cronkitt in, and ask Jones to come along. Make out a warrant, Miss Grundy."

Within an hour Detective Hopkins returned to Room 303. With him came John Timpane and Mr. Samuel Jones. John Timpane was vastly improved since we first saw him hurtling from the grasp of a South State Street cook.

"Good morning, Mr. Cronkitt," said Sergeant Starbuck.

John Timpane looked back at him with a puzzled stare.

"He doesn't remember his name," said Mr. Jones.

"Do you remember Boston, Mr. Cronkitt?"

"Do I?" asked John Timpane of Mr. Samuel Jones.

"He doesn't remember Boston, sergeant."

"Well, Boston remembers him! You're arrested, Mr. Cronkitt, for stealing sixty thousand dollars from the Everest Trust Company of Boston. Does that suggest anything?"

"Not a thing," said Mr. Jones in a low voice freighted with sympathy. "I tried him with those words since your detective came."

"You'll identify him, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, I'll do that for you, sergeant. But I doubt that any judge will send him back to Boston until he's able to defend himself. At any rate, I'm going to get him a lawyer. After all, he's my friend."

"It could mean only a few days' delay," said the sergeant.

"When a man's liberty is at stake, sergeant, even a few days' delay might be vital! I'll get a lawyer to fight extradition for him."

"We'll hold him on your identification until the Boston detectives arrive. Take off your jacket, Cronkitt."

"There's the label—Beacon Street, Boston!" said Mr. Jones.

BY the sergeant's order, John Timpane removed his cravat and opened the neck of his shirt. Sergeant Starbuck pushed back the collar band to see the label. He stood still, staring, his eyes on John Timpane. He scanned a description card, looked again at John Timpane, and then looked at Mr. Jones.

"He's our man," he said then. "Miss Grundy, call this number and get Mr. Richardson. Tell him to get in a cab and hustle right over here, right away!"

"Mr. Jones, you're at the Hotel L'Etoile?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long do you expect to be in Chicago?"

"Oh, another couple of weeks. Why?"

"Where are you from, Mr. Jones?"

"Minneapolis. Why?"

"What business are you in?"

"Promoter. Why do you ask?"

"Because you're identifying this man. Were you ever in Boston?"

"Oh! No; never."

"Wait till the papers are made out, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones and John Timpane sat against a wall. "I don't like this, Mr. Jones," said John Timpane.

"Don't get fretting now. It's no crime to say you don't know your name! They'll take you back to Boston, and see you're not Cronkitt, and let you go. And you'll skip down to

Wartime Vapor CURBS COLDS

Without Dosing

Gets to the root of the cold in half a second

Here's how to take the misery right out of a cold, without dosing the body or stuffing your nose. English chemists discovered it—a marvelous vapor that stops cold-suffering where it STARTS—in the nose.

VAPEX ends all the misery of colds.

Just breathe it from your handkerchief. No muss, no fuss.

The instant you inhale Vapex from your handkerchief, you feel the cooling vapor way in the back of your nose. Every tiny part of the cold-infected area is covered with this pure, full-strength vapor medication. Every stuffed-up passage is penetrated and cleared.

VAPEX—and only Vapex—has a triple action that brings complete and lasting relief from colds—and wards off coughs.

Refuse any of the 75 imitations that may prove worthless. Real Vapex costs only half a cent an application. Handy bottle usually lasts all winter and should be in your medicine chest RIGHT NOW. Get it from your druggist.

VAPEX on handkerchief. Then breathe. That's all!

Genuine

VAPEX

AWARDED THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL

Hull's Village and find a thousand dollars in the post office."

"And I could certainly use it, Mr. Jones. But why are you making believe that I'm Cronkitt?"

"Timpane, Cronkitt's a friend of mine; and you don't think I'd associate with a crook, do you? He wants a chance to go back to Boston by himself and face his accusers; and how would it look if he was dragged back by the police? Everybody would think he did it."

"Well, if that's it." John Timpane drew a deep breath. "All right, Mr. Jones. I'll stick."

"What's your name?"

"I don't know."

"That's your story. Stick to it!"

After a few minutes a gentleman entered Room 303.

"Hello, Mr. Richardson," said the sergeant. "Stand up, Cronkitt. Mr. Richardson, is this the Alpheus Cronkitt who was at your hotel?"

"It looks mighty like him," said the newcomer.

"Look at the man sitting behind him, Mr. Richardson."

"This is strange, sergeant," said Richardson, gazing at Mr. Samuel Jones. "You may think me dumb but —he looks like Cronkitt too!"

Sergeant Starbuck took from John Timpane the black-rimmed eyeglasses. He put the spectacles on Mr. Jones and let his hands pause on Mr. Jones's cheeks. "Who does he look like now?"

"That's the man, sergeant! That's Cronkitt himself!"

"Change that affidavit, Miss Grundy. The prisoner is identified by Howard Richardson, room clerk of the Ingleside Hotel. Your name is John Timpane, isn't it? Stay here. Hopkins, take back this party who calls himself Jones and book him as Alpheus Cronkitt."

"DEUCED clever," said the gentleman who had called himself Samuel Jones. "Mind telling me how you did it, sergeant?"

"We're detectives by trade, Mr. Cronkitt. Fair enough? Then perhaps you'll tell me why you tried to pass this man off as yourself."

"Matter of delay, sergeant. There was a bank examiner going over my books in Boston, and he might have found something. And again he mightn't. If he found something, I preferred to have a few days to myself until they discovered they had the wrong man. Merely to prepare my defense and go back to Boston freely."

"To skip for Mexico, you mean. Take him back, Hopkins."

"John Timpane," said Sergeant Starbuck sternly, "what's your idea in pretending you don't know who you are? The jail yawns for you, John Timpane. You tried to help a thief to escape."

"No, sir! I thought he was Mr. Jones. He was giving me a thousand dollars to say I didn't know my name."

John Timpane told the sergeant of the money letter. "Sergeant, couldn't my poor wife and children have that money?"

"Not a red cent of it! For a very good reason, John Timpane, and that is because there was nothing in that letter but waste paper. The postmaster of your native thorp didn't hold that letter as it directed, but gave it to your wife; she opened it and found the waste paper.

"However, she recognized your handwriting on it, and she wrote the Chicago police. Here's her letter asking us to find her husband. She describes you in that letter, including the ugly big birthmark on your neck that I recognized like a shot. Go home, John Timpane."

"It's no go, sergeant. The mill's closed in Hull's Village, and no work, and I'd only be a burden on what she can earn. I came West looking for work, and— Well, that man that called himself Jones found me out there in South State Street—with the bums; and I guess I was a bum. Well, I guess I will be back on South State Street tonight."

"You'll go home, John Timpane! There's work. Your wife says the mill's opened up again, and the foreman says your old job is waiting. Don't you want to see your children? So now—"

"Oh, thank God!"

"Well, for heaven's sake, man," exclaimed the sergeant disgustedly, "is it anything to cry about?"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—Probably the hippopotamus.

2—A Bible printed at Oxford in 1717, in which the word "vineyard" in the heading above St. Luke 20 appeared as "vinegar."

3—A white vestment worn by clergy and choir in Episcopal and Catholic churches.

4—August, 1829, from Carbondale to Honesdale, Pennsylvania.

5—The bell tower of the cathedral at Florence, Italy.

6—St. Andrews, Scotland.

7—The Black Ball liner Lightning made 436 nautical miles in one day in 1854.

8—Robert Browning, in Pippa Passes.

9—A famous gateway that marked the entrance to the old City of London.

10—An upright stone or monolith.

11—An edict by Henry IV of France granting religious tolerance to Protestants.

12—In 1879, in Boston.

13—Homer.

14—To the point.

15—In mythology, daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra; priestess of Diana.

16—A concentration of opium and alcohol.

17—About the middle of the seventeenth century.

18—Sir Joseph Lister.

19—Mrs. Martha Custis, a young widow.

20—The avocado.

"My Cough stopped —just as the Doctor said it would!"

● "I'm a singer," writes Mr. Johns. "Two days before a New York audition I had a bad cough. A throat specialist said to take Pertussin. It sure did work. *In two days the cough was gone.*"

DID you know that your throat and bronchial passages are lined with millions of glands—like tiny water faucets —that keep the tissues healthily moist?

But when you catch a cold it clogs up these little glands with germs and sticky mucus. Your throat feels tickly and dry, and often you cough "till it hurts" without being able to "raise" a thing.

Why not get those little throat glands working again? — that's what's needed! *Pertussin does this!*

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin *stimulates* the glands, starts their *natural moisture* flowing freely. Phlegm is loosened. How soothed your throat feels! Pertussin is helping Nature *to cure your cough!*

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb used for years to treat the severest coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. And it won't upset your digestion.

Pertussin *will* help your cough. Get a bottle now!

● DOCTORS ADVISE Pertussin for babies—*it's so safe.* "It gives wonderful relief"—"I recommend it regularly," doctors write. You'll like its taste, too.

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . *It works safely!*

VOX POP

"A VERY SELFISH LOT"

TITUSVILLE, PA.—It may appear somewhat amiss for one who has come under the classification of labor all his life to even attempt a reply to the recent editorial in Liberty of December 23—Easing of Bank Credits Our Greatest Need. And yet, the writer, as a citizen of this great nation, believes himself fully justified in pointing out his views as an ordinary workingman.

The editorial stated that: "When President Hoover released huge sums of money to the banks . . . they held on to the money. . . . The banks, all of them, are losing money because of the necessity of maintaining what they call a liquid condition. . . . Labor, wherever it is used, should pay dividends."

Accordingly, the bankers proved themselves a very selfish lot in the direction of recovery with the huge sums they had at their disposal.

It seems from all appearances they felt content in watching the business man going on the rocks while they held on to President Hoover's gift of generosity.

Why should I, an ordinary citizen, urge my congressman or senator to pass legislation to guarantee them anything, after reading of such seemingly unwarranted action?

I intend to cast my lot with the present administration, the way it now stands. Individuals throughout the nation are giving generously for material under the CWA, and business men of all kinds benefit by the purchase of those materials.

As to the workers paying dividends, yes, I fully agree they should, but not to the bankers who failed all of us in the time of need. They are paying dividends to the entire nation by spending their money for the necessities of life through virtue of their CWA checks.—*James Leaman.*

THEY CAN'T DO IT IN SHAMOKIN!

SHAMOKIN, PA.—In the short short story in December 23 Liberty it read: "Old Sam Lucas was coming down the mud road hell-bent for election, bound for Sandy Mush. He was kicking up dust like a three-minute trotter."

Well, how in the devil could he kick up dust from a mud road? We can't do anything like that here in Shamokin.—*Chap Peters.*

WHO'S AFRAID OF POLITICAL REPTILES?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Democratic NRA is a political trick to work out high prices for the merchant. It expects the Republican industrialist to furnish the money to the workers so the storekeeper can rob them.

This battle is raging between the Republican boa constrictor and the Democratic python—while the people starve.

Wipe out these two political reptiles and follow Italy and Germany with a dictator who has the country as a whole at heart, not a certain group of capitalists.

This nation is infested with political reptiles, all sapping the blood of the common herd. And the A. F. of L. is the biggest "labor faker" of all.—*Frank Reymann.*

SPANISH WAR (?) PENSIONS

CANTON, OHIO—Vox Pop has given space to a number of appeals of Spanish War organizations for reversal of the President's action in curbing pension legislation. That he needs defense is revealed in the following example.

A Spanish War soldier we know never saw action or was injured in service. He worked profitably at his trade for eighteen years after discharge. He then suffered an injury while operating a machine not related to his work. He continued his employment profitably for fifteen years thereafter. Then the new pension law was passed that did not require showing that present disability resulted from service. This opened the door to a flood of claims, and he with many others got a substantial pension.

The taxpayer already pays for injury sustained in employment, and is asked to pay some more governmental expense taxation through these unrelated pensions.

The President has the right idea. Such pensions should be abolished.—*A War Taxpayer.*

"SHOULD HAVE BURNED HIS LETTER"

ATMORE, ALA.—I read with much disgust the Vox Pop article by a Mr. Fitzpatrick in the December 23 issue of Liberty, but I failed to get the point that he was driving at. Was he trying to knock the Florida citrus fruits, the University of Florida, the people of Florida, attack the article by Mr. Hendley, or did he just want to pop off?

He should take into consideration the latest figures of the citrus production of Florida, bearing in mind the loss of trees during the Mediterranean fruit fly epidemic and the number of years each state has been specializing in the production of this crop.

The University of Florida is an ideal institution of learning. It is true that Florida has never produced any champion football teams, but I think they did have a good team for the school's size.

As for the people of Florida, I think Mr. Fitzpatrick overstepped his bounds in his criticism of them. I have lived in Florida and I found the people very congenial and respectable.

If he did not have any point in particular to express, he should have burned his nasty slurring mud-slinging letter. I am sure no one appreciated it. I think the only reason it was printed was that Liberty tries to live up to its reputation of being fair, and publishes as many as possible of the letters that are sent in.—*Cecil Barron.*

LIVING ON $3.75 A MONTH

EDMONTON, ALTA.—Now that we are hearing so much about the beautiful spirit of sharing the things we have with those who have not, may I suggest that this is an opportune time for those who have enjoyed their bombproof jobs and comfortable pensions since 1919 to give up one or the other to those who, while equally deserving, have enjoyed neither, and who are now prematurely worn out and suffering from various disabilities? There are totally disabled return soldiers living on $3.75 per month!

There are return men in every city in Canada. Is that their reward after what they did for you and me? What encouragement have they got to protect us again if we should need protection? The government took their farms in 1922-23. They were run off of farms and foreigners put on the farms. Give the soldiers a farm or a pension!—*Disabled Soldier.*

THEN SAY TURKEY TO THE BANKERS

MADISON, WIS.—I wonder if I understand your December 23 editorial proposal on government guaranties of commercial bank loans. If the bank makes a profit it belongs to the bank, but if there is a loss the government must pay it. On the other hand, if there is a loss the government makes it good, and if a profit the bank adds it to its profit or surplus.

All this reminds me of the story of the Indian who went hunting with the white man. During the day they bagged a turkey and a buzzard. When it came time to divide the bag, the white man said to the Indian, "I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard, or you take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey." This was not fast enough for Mr. Indian. He replied, "White man never say turkey to me."—*Glenn P. Turner.*

WILL THIS ARGUMENT NEVER END?

BOSTON, MASS.—In Liberty for December 23 "A Leatherneck" of Quantico, vox-popped that "the Marine Corps was created November 10, 1775, before the Navy had ever been born."

You annotated to him, "but the beginnings of the Navy can be traced to October 13, 1775, when" two men were appointed to fit out two warships.

Well, what do you think of marines in service before October? The Division of Archives of Massachusetts has a "Pay Role" (*sic*) of the sloop Enterprise from May 5 to July 1, 1775. Besides the captain, mate, gunner, and sailors, there are listed one lieutenant of marines, two sergeants, and fifteen marines.

A photostatic copy of this pay roll was sent recently to the Historian of the Marine Corps at Washington, D. C.—*Albert H. Hall, State Archivist.*

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S SUPPORTERS OUTSIDE

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mr. Slater is right. The average man fastens his supporters on the inside.

If Mr. Slater will try it, he will find that the *intelligent* man fastens his supporters on the outside.—*G. P. S.*

ONE WOULD DARE ANYTHING FOR LIBERTY

TORONTO, ONT.—I have often heard Liberty referred to as the best five-cent magazine. It must be. No other nickel publication dares to call itself a magazine.—*Irving Liss.*

CONTENTED—WITH TARZAN

COLLINSVILLE, ILL.—I've been reading Liberty quite a while, and ever since Tarzan and the Lion Man started I've been contented.

And another thing—you've really picked a good artist to illustrate. Ray Dean really knows his muscles. Here's hoping the story and illustrations never end!—*A Future Artist.*

THIS OUGHT TO START SOMETHING, AND WE DON'T MEAN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC

FREDERICK, MD.—I wish to answer several foot-loose Vox Poppers who were sounding off in the December 23 issue.

If they want to preach "down with government" and "off with capitalistic heads," it's time they got out their primers and realized it is capitalism that really makes our country so powerful. Charles Hine and W. R. Howard, take an extra lesson.

After getting my second wind I would like to inform Pro Bono Publico that there are already twenty-one amendments to the Constitution. What's the matter with you guys, anyhow, letting one like that slip by?

Of course you can't please every one, Mrs. Garnet Frakes, but I don't see you offering any workable substitutes for F. D. R. and his policies.—*Clinton K. Hughes.*

HE WANTS FACTS 100 PER CENT

BELLAIRE, OHIO—I have before me the December 16 issue of Liberty. My first glance through the magazine told me that Lieutenant Commander Rosendahl and I were going to have trouble, so I read all the other articles of interest first.

The ultimate purpose of the Rosendahl article was to try and explain to the wondering public what caused the Akron disaster. An explanation must be based on facts 100 per cent, especially when dealing with the public. Mr. Rosendahl did not do this. He frequently inserted "if," "I believe," and other words or phrases which concern a certain amount of guesswork. Do not misunderstand me. I truly believe that Rosendahl was on the square with us. But he revived the old doubt as to what the actual cause really was, without stating boldly in one sentence what happened to the Akron *in his estimation.* Was it necessary to fill two or three pages with details for the public to wonder and study over?—*Eugene Du Bois.*

CLAIMS VILLA WAS NO VILLAIN

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—Until now I have not written for Vox Pop because nothing in Liberty justified such an infliction. But when I came to read Hell Dogs! or Campaigning with the Madman of Mexico, that was something else.

I have lived just across the Rio Grande for many years and spent several years in the interior of Mexico, and feel that I know something of the traits and nature of the Mexican people. I hold no brief for Pancho Villa, but accept him for what I believe he was—a would-be patriot driven into banditry by adverse circumstances, who became vengeful to the point of cruelty with those whom he considered his and his country's enemies. He was the idol of his followers and friends, a leader of men.

Several of the incidents narrated in Hell Dogs! stretched my credulity to almost the cracking point. But when I read the story of Villa deliberately shooting down in cold blood the innocent wife and still more innocent little daughter of a man in order that that same man might be free to follow Villa in his campaign—well, now, I simply just *didn't believe a word of it.* The diabolical killing and the passive acceptance of it by the husband and father are simply unthinkable.—*A Doubter.*

WHO STARTED HOT LUNCHES?

HALIFAX, N. S.—In Vox Pop, December 9, Carroll L. Dupont, Principal Bayou Black School, thinks he is responsible for starting the first rural school hot lunch "anywhere." It might interest him to learn that *hot lunches* have been served in *rural schools* in Canada for the past twenty years. Our rural teachers are given domestic science courses for this express purpose. Our farmers are seldom asked to donate. We grow our vegetables on school property. You might have won the war but you *did not* start hot lunches.—*A. E. Ettinger, Secretary Halifax Men Teachers Federation.*

TRY TWISTING ED WYNN AND CANTOR

BUFFALO, N. Y.—If we had more Abraham Washingtons and George Lincolns and fewer J. Pierpont Mellons and Andy Morgans our old U. S. A. wouldn't be in the financial condition it is now in.

Is the Liberty Vox Pop man game to put this one in?—*John E. Fitzsimmons.*

BOUQUETS FOR TINY TIM

WORCESTER, MASS.—I am urged to—and will, by gad!—compliment you for printing, and Miss Mazo de la Roche for writing, such a genuine story as Tiny Tim.

Her skillful pen scratched the literary slate and revealed among the successful novels of Jalna a right fine short story.—*Sender Halpern.*

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE LAST NINE YEARS?

NORWOOD, OHIO—When you started your magazine you arranged for a usual contest. The rules stated you wanted a new name never used before.

I had the name of Liberty in my mind and on my list, but crossed it out because long before there had been published La Liberté in Paris, France.

So it was certainly not a new and original name which your contest judges selected. Did this name fit?—*Conrad H. F. Creutz.*

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Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly. Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

The Private Life and of MAX BAER

(Reading time: 15 minutes 25 seconds.)

WHEN Max Baer, grinning Adonis of prize fighting, looped a dynamic right hand out of the shadows of the Yankee Stadium on the night of June 8 last and knocked Max Schmeling of Germany into a rubber-legged and pathetic pulp, he hurried off to his dressing room and promptly got into three suits.

One of the suits was a brown Scotch tweed selected from the fifty-four he owned at the time. The other two were breach-of-promise and divorce matters, so numerous in the life of this most amazing young man.

Since that time Max Baer has been in and out of the public prints not less than four times weekly, and always in consequence, primarily, of his prodigious capacity for affairs of the heart.

When Gene Tunney won his world's championship from Jack Dempsey seven years ago, he took it and hurried off to Greenwich, Connecticut, to show it to an heiress to millions.

When Maxie Schmeling won the title while sitting on the bosom of his pantaloons against the north ropes of the Yankee Stadium in 1930, he caught the next boat for his native Germany and his beloved Black Forest.

A Chronicle of Jazz, Janes, Jams, and Jolts—The Hilarious Saga of the Prize Ring's Merriest, Maddest Superman

Acme and M. G. M. photos

BY DICK

LOVES

Max's moments pictured here are, left to right: Back stage, tickling the ivories—and the girlies, too. Sally Rand in that fan dance of hers. "The winnah!"—with Schmeling, the loser. Edna Dunham (oval), who said his raptures about her were "preposterous." Max with Dorothy Dunbar. The boyish grin so many go for. June Knight.

When Jack Sharkey took the title from Schmeling in 1932, he packed it under his fat left arm and bustled away to the quiet elegance of exclusive Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Now, Maxie Baer didn't win the world's championship in actuality on that steaming night in the Yankee Stadium, but he did win it potentially, so much so that those who know their fight racket accepted him as the greatest living heavyweight.

Did Max Baer thereupon rush off to the silences of his father's Livermore, California, pig farm and tell the pink little Duroc-Jerseys and the sleek black-and-white Berkshires and the snub-nosed bejowled Poland-Chinas all about it?

He did not. He got downtown to Broadway as soon as he could, took his show-girl sweetheart on his arm, and did the town. He's been doing some man's town ever since, and always with the latest of his interminable romances.

Not only did he seek the companionship of one of Broadway's fairest show girls, the delicious blonde, June Knight—she's ten or twelve back on the ever-mounting list of Baer moments now—but he went into the movies and so help me if he didn't steal the picture!

Long before he took to the screen, June Knight had gone out of his life and Dorothy Dunbar was back. Dorothy Dunbar was Max Baer's wife. He had married her after fighting Paolino in Reno two years ago.

They had their pictures taken in loving poses. Maxie Baer spoke of reconciliations. "He's just a big kid and he needs me," said Mrs. Dunbar Baer. "These other matters are just publicity gags. I am his love."

"She's right," said Maxie, after that. "She's my love, my one and only. We're on the straight road now."

EVERYTHING might have been all right after that if Maxie hadn't made that picture. Letters from women began to pour in. The man fascinated the darling creatures. They saw him and gurgled pathetically and billowed their bosoms, and then went home and wrote to him, offering all. For a time Max Baer thought he could take all. That was because he was young and naïve.

Midway through the filming of his picture, Maxie suddenly caused it to become known that Miss June Knight was once more his adored and adoring one. Dorothy Dunbar was out. The steam gauge on the June Knight rebilling (and cooing, if you must) was agitating the ninety-pound float, and all seemed as serene as anything ever seems in Max Baer's life, when he slithered into an

WILLIAMS

airplane and betook himself to San Francisco to preview the Sally Rand fan dance at a private showing.

Now, Miss Rand is a buxom miss—and a most appetizingly buxom one, too—and it may be that Mr. Baer's train of thought was derailed. Whatever it was, he suddenly announced that his one great love dwelt in New York and her name was Edna Dunham.

"She's wonderful!" exclaimed Maxie, looking at Miss Rand.

"What—falling for Sally?" ejaculated a companion.

"Sally? Hell, no. Her name's Edna."

"Her name's Sally—Sally Rand," insisted the companion, and Maxie got the drift of the conversation.

"Oh, you mean her," he apologized, pointing—a totally unnecessary gesture when Miss Rand is doing her stuff. "I mean my Edna back in New York—my Edna Dunham."

Promptly the word flashed out over the telegraph wires. It reached New York. Newspapers there dispatched reporters to call upon Miss Dunham. They recalled most vividly that Maxie had exclaimed rapturously, "And you oughta see her penthouse!" and they went looking for a penthouse.

They didn't find a penthouse, but they found Miss Dunham's seventh-floor apartment. They also discovered that Miss Dunham was in what is termed a high dudgeon. She wouldn't receive reporters but she did make a statement through her attorney.

"Preposterous," she said (through him). "I merely know the man. I met him once. He called on me—with others. Why, I haven't the slightest idea what can have entered his mind."

Has the public resented these peccadillos of Max Baer's? Assuredly not. It has reveled in them. Maxie has ascended the heights and come back to the people. He belongs to his public. No running away and hiding as did Tunney and Schmeling and Sharkey and Carnera.

Max went to a vaudeville house the day after the Schmeling fight, saw a newsreel of himself in the fight, and when the crowd applauded, left the side of the fair June Knight and took a bow, to the great astonishment and delight of the assembled beholders.

Some one asked him if he intended to stay in New York and see the Sharkey-Carnera fight, advertised as for the world's heavyweight championship.

"Why should I?" Maxie demanded. "What do I want to look at them bums for?"

Now, this wasn't exactly sporting—but it was the sort of thing the people like to hear their heavyweights say, and it was said the way they like to hear it said.

Then Mr. Baer had something else to say. He wanted to write a book!

"Not any literary book like that Tooney" (he called it Tooney) "guy would try to write," he explained. "I want to write a book about my misspent life."

IMAGINE that! Twenty-four years old, and he wanted to write a book about his misspent life! But he meant it. We follow him on:

"I want to write a kind of a book that would sell for ninety-nine cents so that every kid could have a copy and read it and not make the bonehead plays I did. I'd like to write a book warning them against trying to get money before they earn it, against buying sixteen-cylinder automobiles when four-cylinder cars are lighter on the blocks when you have to put 'em up because you haven't got gasoline to run them—*and against women!*"

He put a lot of stress on this last, and Miss June Knight, the fiancée of the moment, started apprehensively. He put an arm about her shoulder and called her "honey" reassuringly. Then he went on with his ambition.

"Women have caused me a lot of trouble," he said. "That's my own fault. That's what I'd warn other kids against. Say, I could write a book that they'd want in every home where there's kids. That is, I'd like to have somebody who can write do it for me and I'd give 'em the facts. Life's too good to spend your best years unraveling snarls you got into because you were dumb."

A most remarkable young man, this!

His arrival in New York was a day never to be forgotten. He climbed off a train in the Pennsylvania Station attired in a suit of clothes that knocked the daylight-saving hand on the station clock back two hours and a half. He wanted a gymnasium and he wanted it quickly. He wanted to show the boys his physique. He beamed when jocose photographers insisted upon feeling his muscle, and if Mr. Big Bill Egan hadn't raised a warning eyebrow in the nick of time, Mr. Baer would have peeled off his shirt and undershirt right there and accommodated the picture boys.

At the gymnasium he insisted on getting into the ring with some one who knew how to hit. Then he spent his rehearsal hour sticking out his chin so the boys could take pot shots at it. Every time he was hit he would turn to the newspaper delegation and grin happily.

But there was more to come. On the night of his first fight in New York—he knocked out poor old Tom Heeney—Mr. Baer was entertaining the newspaper boys in his dressing room. This entertainment consisted of banging himself on the chin as hard as he possibly could with both taped fists. The newspaper boys stood about and grinned while Mr. Baer laughed aloud.

Suddenly his roving and pleasant eye espied a whitewashed steampipe overhead. He leaped from the floor and banged his skull against the pipe with the force of a catapult, rebounded, and immediately turned about, grinning.

"Now some of you guys go over to Heeney's dressing room and tell him what a tough mug I am," he said.

MAX BAER is an engaging, companionable, good-natured, hell-for-leather kid who'll never grow up, come what may. He loves life and he loves action, and how he loves women!

He loves to fight, too, but he must fight his own way. He believes implicitly in the inability of any one living to hurt him.

Defense means nothing to him. "If they get close enough to me to hit me, I'll sock them," he says. And that's all he wants.

He isn't a dumb fighter. Before the Schmeling fight the consensus was that Schmeling would outsmart him. He proved too smart not only for Schmeling but for the experts. Instead of wearing himself out in the early rounds while Schmeling shuffled methodically into action, picking up steam as he went along, he shuffled with Schmeling. When it came time for Schmeling to pick up steam and thunder down the stretch, Baer not only thundered with him—he thundered ahead of him.

He was positive that sooner or later that looping right of his would land. When it did, a strange facet of his ring personality came to light. Until that instant he had been a good-natured laughing clowning pantaloon, enjoying himself hugely, and turning now and then to exchange repartee with ringsiders, as he always does. He was continually heeling, or spinning Schmeling around, or wrestling him, and the referee kept warning him solemnly.

Baer's answer to this always was a genial and amused apology. Then his own right landed and Schmeling's knees buckled and he went down, striking heavily. Immediately all semblance of geniality fell from Max Baer's lean face. His magnificent muscles flexed, his eyes narrowed into seamy menace. Schmeling wabbled to his feet. Almost before he was up the erstwhile grinning schoolboy was upon him, pumping remorseless lefts and rights to his head, his quivering body, his blank bewildered face.

There was a snarl of malignant savagery on Baer's handsome face. Schmeling wavered, rocked, his fine body bent almost double in an agony that his splendid courage attempted vainly to withstand. But Baer never let up for a second.

The referee's charitable intervention brought a second metamorphosis as startling and sudden as the first. In a flash, as soon as he knew the fight was stopped and he had won, Baer was the laughing dancing clowning kid again, running to his own corner, waving frantically to the crowd, and then dashing back to Schmeling's corner to extend sympathy.

No one could doubt after that that Max Baer had the essential instinct of the champion fighter—the killer instinct.

He admits that he grew up a coward and that the first fight he ever had was forced upon him. It came about in Livermore one evening when he was eighteen. Always one to love the ladies, he was dressed up in his white Sunday pants and a straw hat, escorting the joy of his heart to a movie. An uncouth man of the outlands looked upon the girl and voiced an opinion that most girls find flattering but which annoyed Max Adelbert's delight tremendously.

"Why don't you thrash him?" she demanded of her strapping escort, then six feet one and weighing a hundred and eighty-five.

"Who, me?" inquired Max Adelbert nervously. "What for? He said you were some chicken, didn't he? Shucks, you are."

The young lady was adamant. If he didn't thrash this fresh thing, she said, she'd never look at him again.

Max swung his right arm once and the offender crumpled. Thus a woman put Max Baer into boxing, and after twenty-one knockouts as an amateur he turned professional in 1929 and piled up eleven more knockouts.

After that he began to get into trouble, almost always through affairs of the heart. The more fights he won the more trouble he got into. The money wasn't coming in rapidly enough, and when he found himself broke he would sell a piece of himself, as they call such tradings in the boxing game. He sold bits to at least seven managers, and all but one of them began suing him and never desisted. The one who isn't suing is Ancil Hoffman. He's still his manager.

Suits began to be a regular thing in his life.

A waitress in California has been suing him for breach of promise and making a great pother about it. Dorothy Dunbar Baer is suing him for divorce and fancy alimony.

"That's why I want to write that book and sell it for ninety-nine cents," says Max. "I don't want other dumb kids who think they're smart getting in that kind of trouble."

He chooses his clothing with an eye to the Hollywood effect; likes grays and browns, has a fondness for startling checks, and wears suède shoes almost exclusively. He likes monogrammed shirts and pleated trousers.

HE hasn't a mark on his magnificent body. Standing six feet two and one half inches tall and weighing two hundred and three pounds in the pink of condition, he probably is the most striking physical specimen that ever stepped into a ring. His shoulders are abnormally wide and taper down to his slim waist perfectly. His legs are lean but muscular, and he has the calves and ankles of a ballet dancer and is just as fast and graceful on his feet, for all his tremendous size.

His features bear one scar, a tin ear, memento of the gaudy days of his novitiate. No opponent gave him that tin ear. He wanted it! One day he said to Bob McAllister, his trainer:

"Gimme a tin ear, Bob. I wanna look tough."

Now he wishes he hadn't been so ambitious.

Tragedy hasn't left Maxie entirely out of its sorry scheme. Back in San Francisco, in 1930, he was fighting a second-rater named Frankie Campbell. He was much too good for the boy. In the fifth round he hit him with that deadly looping right. Campbell's knees wabbled and he began to sink. Baer threw the right again.

The boy dropped like a poleaxed steer. He died on the way to the dressing room.

Max Baer almost quit the ring then. He couldn't sleep. He walked the streets night after night. But finally he returned to boxing. In 1932 he fought the late Ernie Schaaf in Chicago. Schaaf was outpointing him, but Baer came on fast in the late rounds. Then Schaaf, more experienced and a clever boxer, forged ahead. They went into the tenth and final round. Four seconds from the bell, that wild right hand came out of the shadows behind Max Baer's great shoulders and landed flush on unhappy Ernie Schaaf's chin. He was unconscious for four hours.

Shortly thereafter Schaaf died after a half-pushed left hand from the giant Primo Carnera. Doctors who examined the dead boy's brain found on it a blood clot, caused by a heavy blow of some time before.

Bonnie Prince Maxie's stock in trade is his ebullient confidence in himself. He met Jack Sharkey in New York. Shaking hands, he asked audibly: "Who is this guy Sharkey, anyway?"

Sharkey stared at the upstart in profound annoyance, his white eyes venomous. Baer, laughing, walked away.

"I knew who he was," he said, "but I wanted to get his goat."

He had out-Sharkeyed Sharkey.

IN Atlantic City, as he trained there for Schmeling, he would walk the board walk at nights, swinging a cane and talking baby talk to June Knight. People passing would whisper in awed tones:

"There goes Max Baer."

Whereupon Max Baer would wave his stick, grin broadly, and call, "Hi, pal, come over and see me sometime."

They always did. Most of them went to New York to see him beat Schmeling. After all, weren't they his pals? He'd told them so himself.

Not so bad for a young man the critics called too dumb ever to get anywhere as a heavyweight fighter.

After he had beaten Schmeling he declared that he had enjoyed every minute of the fight, rubbing his bruised nose and his swollen left eye as he said it. Later he met Schmeling at a dinner given by Jack Dempsey. He put a bearlike paw on the German boy's shoulder.

"You're the best sportsman I ever met, Max," he said. "Sometime I hope some one will say that Max Baer was as good a sportsman as Max Schmeling. That'll be better than a championship."

There's a little bit of greatness there.

Life and Loves of Max Baer? It's one of the titles that publishers and men in show business like to call a natural. Loves he'll always have, for he loves life, and to him affairs of the heart are the essence of it.

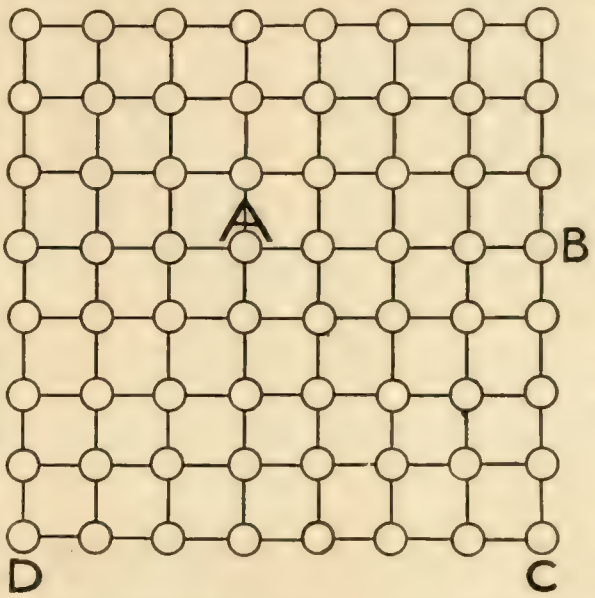
Lawsuits, threatening gestures? They're all sweetmeats to him. Since that day he collapsed the "fresh guy" for his schooldays sweetheart, he's feared nothing.

That's why the movies never will lure him from the ring. He'll have to fight. He's that kind of fellow. Yes, even though he does wear a slave bracelet on his right wrist. He thinks that's amusing, too.

THE END

THE PERSISTENT TOURIST

A Puzzle By F. Gregory Hartswick

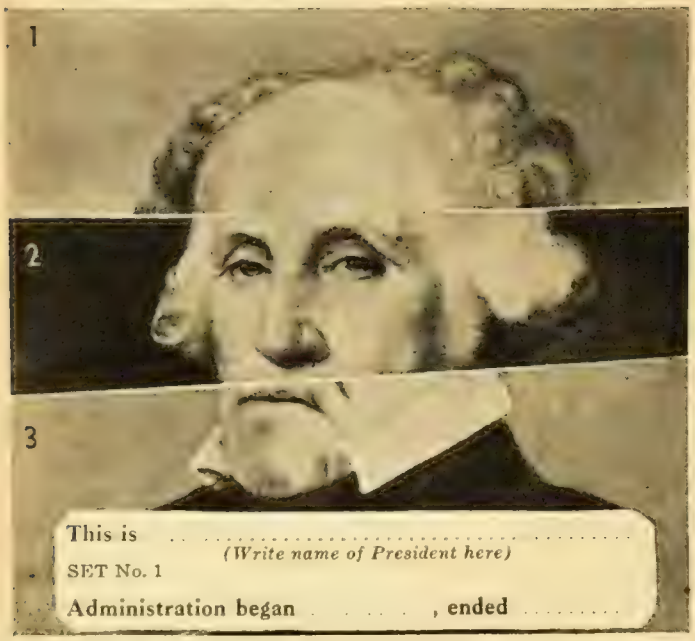


The circles shown above represent sixty-four towns. A motorist started from the town marked A and made a tour which enabled him to visit each of the other towns once, and only once, returning to his original starting place without making any diagonal trips—moving only along the roads indicated by the connecting lines. See if you can trace his route *in the fewest possible* STRAIGHT *moves.* You might start, for instance, by going from A to B—one move; then to C—two moves; then to D—three moves; and so on. You will find this a fascinating puzzle to work on, as you will develop possibilities of making fewer and fewer straight journeys each time you try it. Remember, all towns must be visited, and no town can be visited more than once.

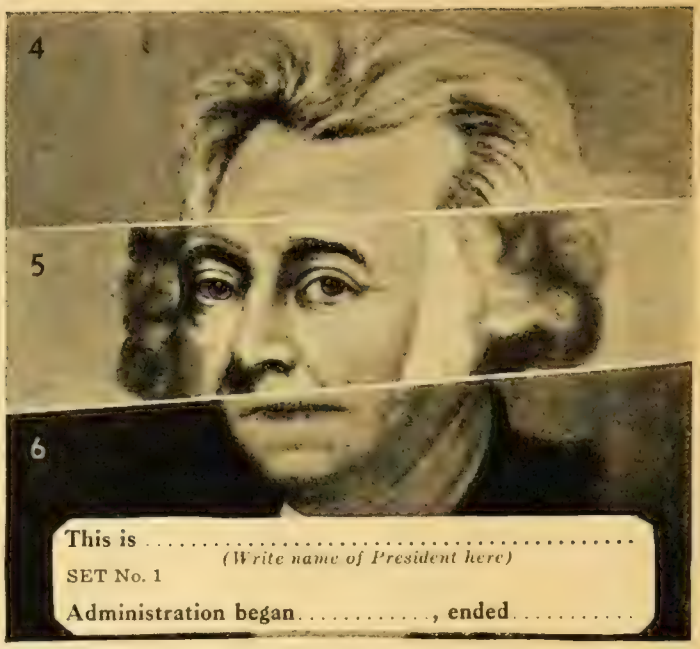
(The answer will be found on page 58.)

NEW! PRESIDENTS CONTEST!

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES



THE FOREHEAD is of a Harvard graduate, Class of 1755; the eyes and nose are of a famous commander in chief; the mouth and chin are of a planner of the Tennessee Constitution.



THE FOREHEAD is of a major general at Pensacola; the eyes and nose are of an early Minister to Holland; the mouth and chin are of a general who served the United States without pay, except for his expenses.

NAME the Presidents and win the money! Liberty will pay $2,500 in 273 cash awards to the winners in this patriotic game of Presidents. You will win $500 if your entry is judged the best submitted. Or you may win $200 or $100, the second and third prizes respectively. Get into this game right now! The rules tell how. The correct identifications for this week's portraits are among these names: W. H. Harrison, George Washington, James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Andrew Jackson. Do not submit your entry until you have all thirty pictures. Three more will be published next week.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

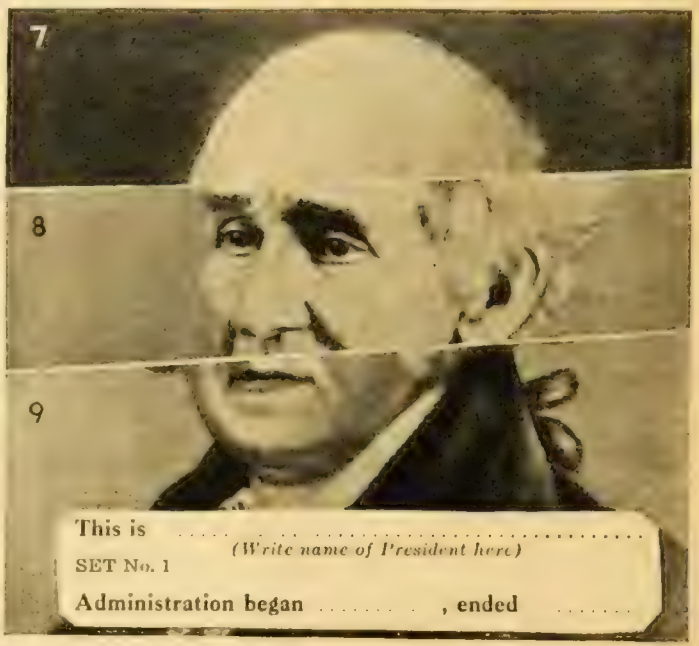
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



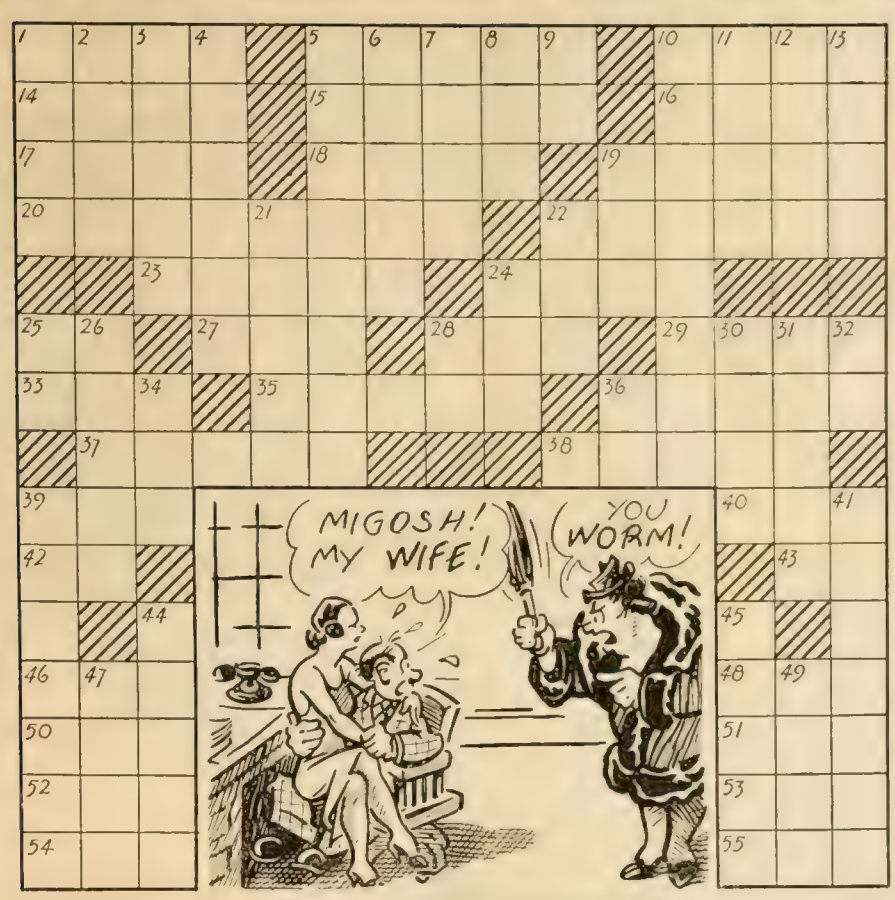
THE FOREHEAD is of the son-in-law of Colonel John Dandridge; the eyes and nose are of one who lost the Presidency to a man who had less electoral votes; the mouth and chin are of a Declaration signer.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES TOTAL	$2,500

DO NOT ENTER UNTIL YOU HAVE ALL 30 PORTRAITS! SET NO. 2 NEXT WEEK

CROSS WORDS



After you have solved the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested by the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 To fasten
5 To assert
10 To cleanse
14 Loyal
15 In good season
16 A melody
17 Agents (abbr.)
18 Rodents
19 Serpent
20 Those who assist (colloq.)
22 One who dials
23 Separates
24 Feathered vertebrate
25 Either
27 Born (French)
28 To forbid
29 An image or representation
33 Clamor
35 Mistake
36 Fried lightly
37 Inflated (colloq.)
38 Doctrine
39 Definite article
40 Dry (French)
42 French conjunction
43 Sun god
46 Terror
48 A resinous substance
50 Neither
51 German exclamation
52 Threefold
53 Definite article
54 Sancta Mater Ecclesia (abbr.)
55 Electrical Engineers (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1 To pierce with a pointed weapon
2 Therefore (Latin)
3 Vehicles
4 Instruction
5 Burial place
6 Beasts' places of rest
7 Forms an electric arc
8 Isle (French)
9 Pronoun
10 Pertaining to Canada
11 Spoken
12 Microphone (colloq.)
13 Heavyweight fighter
19 Title
21 Woody plants
22 Loud noise
24 Barrier
25 Alleged force of natural power
26 Conforming to fact or reason
28 Friend (colloq.)
30 Hints
31 Aquatic fur-bearing mammal
32 Abbreviation for an element
34 No (Scot.)
36 Point of compass
39 Occupants
41 Insnares
44 Serving to inspire fear
45 To fill with confidence
47 Elongated creeping animal
49 Pain

A	P	E	S		S	P	A	R	E		E	A	S	E
T	R	E	A	T		P	E	R	I	S		S	I	T	A	R
A	G	A	T	E		A	N	E	N	T		P	R	O	V	E
R	U	T		M	A	I	N		D	E	N	Y		K	E	N
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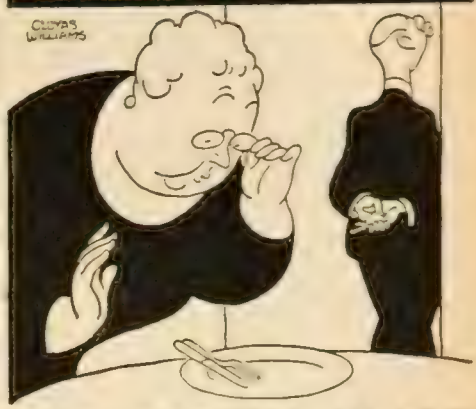
Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MINIATURE MYSTERIES



THE EMPTY PLATE

Why, for the first time in his twelve years of married life, has Mr. Merkel eaten every bite of his breakfast?

SOLUTION: This is the first time Mrs. Merkel ever served Log Cabin Syrup with pancakes. Log Cabin is a favorite with men. It has such a delicious, North-woodsy flavor. A special blend of choice sugars: Vermont maple, Canadian maple, and pure cane. Sealed in the unique Log Cabin, so popular with children. A product of General Foods.

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In times like these... *Sell A* PRACTICAL MARKET

Eliminate dwellers in the wide open spaces, where it cost $3 to sell a $2 bill of goods.

Concentrate on families with incomes high enough to provide adequate—and immediate—purchasing power.

Then choose the medium that reaches this hand-picked market most effectively—economically—*profitably.*

Your advertising appropriation—per dollar spent—reaches more urban families with incomes of $2.000 and over in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

There was a moment of horrified silence; then a terrible throaty shout. Other guns appeared, and there were more orange flashes, more echoes to wander off through the woods.

Trans

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous

By OCTAVUS

(Reading time: 22 minutes 29 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, Dale Cameron, and Chris Blake open a roller-skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young lawyer of a distinguished family, becomes interested in Dale Cameron, the professional skater.

Fred Baxter, wastrel brother of Hamp Baxter, political boss of the district, makes offensive advances to Dale. One night at the rink, Kiley and Blake are obliged to put Fred out. He returns later with his gang, threatening to kill Kiley. Nick fires into the mob and kills Fred Baxter. Then he flees from Karnak. Chris Blake has been walking alone in Four Holes Swamp, but when he returns he is arrested and charged with the murder.

Dale Cameron gets Carey Marshal to defend Chris. Hamp Baxter, wild with rage, threatens Carey and his father, Major David Marshal, with trouble. Lee Crawford, head of a family long at feud but now friendly with the Baxters, goes to Hamp

ILLUSTRATIONS
by STOCKTON MULFORD

sient Lady

Days and a Girl's Devotion

ROY COHEN

to try to placate him, but receives a beating. The truce between the Baxters and the Crawfords is broken. All Karnak expects trouble.

Two days later is held the annual community picnic, which always has been attended by all Karnak, regardless of social position. Dale goes as the guest of the aristocratic Warren family. Patricia Warren's friends, including Carey Marshal, rally around Dale. But suddenly into the midst of the picnic ground gallops Hamp Baxter on a huge roan horse.

Part Six—The Feud Reaches Its Climax

THE appearance of Wade Hampton Baxter at the Grove begot surprise, doubt, and apprehension. Scores of groups discussed it.

Major Marshal's fine, patrician features were stern. He expressed his amazement to Marshal St. Julien, his cousin.

Dawn was breaking grayly outside. In the half light Miss Mathilda regarded the form on the bed.

"Surprisin'—Hamp Baxter being here. So soon after Fred's death," said the major.

The elder St. Julien nodded gravely. "I hardly think he's in a picnic mood, David."

"What *do* you think?"

"I think his presence means trouble. If I were you, I'd think twice before making a speech."

The major regarded his cousin with quiet amusement. "You'd think twice, Marshal, but you'd still make the talk, once you'd given your word."

Amzie Crawford consulted Lee Crawford. He said, "Hamp Baxter's here."

"Yeh, I seen him a'ready."

"Reckon it means trouble?"

"Don't keer if it does. He's askin' for it; not me."

"He wouldn't of come else."

"Mebbe." Lee was not a hasty person. "Tell the boys not to git rash. We ain't aimin' to bust up the picnic."

And Pat Warren grabbed Carey Marshal by the arm and propelled him away from the younger crowd.

"What's up?" she inquired.

"About Hamp Baxter?" He shook his head. "Frankly, Pat, I don't know."

"And you don't like it, either. Do you?"

"Not particularly."

"I've noticed a few bulging hip pockets."

"So have I. But perhaps they'll forget their guns." Carey lowered his voice. "Keep a close eye on Dale, will you?"

"You know I will." Pat looked at the young man closely. "I admire your taste, Carey."

"What do you mean, my taste?"

"Nothing, except this: That Dale Cameron is one of the sweetest, nicest girls I've ever seen."

CAREY met the challenge. "I'd expect that of you, Miss Patricia Warren. You're what our English friends might call a little bit of all right."

Vishy, the attenuated colored person who worked for the Marshals, and who was, in theory, helping Clematis prepare the lunch for the colored servants (though actually he had appointed himself official taster of barbecue), was visibly annoyed.

"Jist when folks was fixin' to have theirse'ves a good time, this has got to go happen."

"Which got to, foolish?"

"Mistuh Baxter ridin' down heah lickety-split."

"Tha's the most way he always rides."

"Yeh, but not to no picnics when he's sorrerin' fo' his brother."

"You don't reckon he's fixin' to make no trouble, do you, Vishy?"

"Well, I ain't prognasticatin' he ain't. He's been kind of knivin'-hearted sence Marse Carey 'lowed he'd do some lawin' for Mistuh Chris Blake."

"Tha's the gemmun what's in the jail house?"

"Uh-huh." Vishy sighed. "White folks sho do take their killin's se'ious, don't they, honey?"

"YEH. An' listen at me, Vishy. Does any shootin' start—"

"Gal!" interrupted Vishy with unmistakable fervor. "Does any trouble commence aroun' heah, I's gwine exodust so fast the soles of my shoes will look like I's kneelin' down prayin'."

Hamp Baxter himself was the center of a group under the live oak at the other end of the athletic field. He towered above them, physically and mentally superior. His voice was deep and resonant, though subdued at the moment. He spoke to certain relatives: to Ez Goring and to Sam and Matthew and Mark Baxter.

"You understand?" he inquired.

"'Bout the speakin', Hamp?"

"Yes. About the speaking. Marshal isn't to be allowed to talk."

"Hmm! But if we yowl him down, ain't there likely to be trouble?"

Hamp's magnificent features became momentarily distorted. "I don't want any fighting if it can be helped. Not this day, anyway. But if those damned Crawfords think they want some, why—" and Hamp made a significant gesture with his powerful right arm.

The picnickers continued to make merry, though with less abandon than before the arrival of Wade Hampton Baxter. Through the slim balance of the morning the children romped through the woods, playing little games which were directed by the playgrounds supervisor of the Karnak County Public School System. Old men and young men kept up a continuous clanking of horseshoes at the pitches. Youthful couples—the lads in their Sun-

day best and the girls starched and stiff and prim and proper—ambled off into the woods.

Families opened stuffed hampers and produced farm delicacies: cold pork, cold ham, cold sausage; pickles, jams, jellies, and preserves; corn pone and fluffy biscuits; cake and pie.

After lunch came the two great baseball games: the Singles defeating the Marrieds in a seven-inning game 21 to 6; and the Fats miraculously pounding the ball to all corners of the lot for an 18 to 11 triumph over the Leans. The games were exciting, despite overstuffed scores, because on each of the four teams were relatives of the Baxters and the Crawfords, and one never knew at what minute some tiny incident might fire the fuse. But nothing happened, and the crowd breathed more easily as it directed its attention toward the foot races and special events.

Dale danced twice with Carey Marshal in the pavilion. His tall, lithe body moved gracefully and easily, and he commented that she was light as a feather, though even at the moment he was conscious of the provocative, exciting warmth of her figure pressed closely—though not too closely—against his.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the pavilion was cleared of dancers. And on to the platform at the south end walked Roger Vance, chairman of the Picnic Committee, a tall, angular person with a startled and none-too-happy expression. Behind him came Crosby Goring. Mr. Goring's weak watery eyes probed unhappily into the dense crowd.

Behind Crosby Goring came three committee members, including the valiant and tight-lipped Mathilda Branham. And then the tall broad-shouldered figure of Major Marshal himself.

Hamp Baxter remained under the trees, a hundred yards or so away from the speakers' stand. Carey Marshal and Greg St. Julien held a hurried conference with their friends.

"Shall we stay here," inquired Greg, "or move closer?"

DALE flashed a quick glance at Carey. She had never seen his expression so grave, or so stern, and for the first time that day she experienced a pang of terror. Impulsively she touched his hand. "It really isn't worth while, is it, Carey? If your father only wouldn't make a talk—"

Carey smiled, and answered her and Greg St. Julien at the same time:

"Dad will talk. And perhaps we'd better stay right here. Unless trouble starts—which it most likely won't."

Roger Vance made a brief statement, to which nobody listened, though the applause was politely large. Then—timidly—he announced that the picnic was privileged to have in its midst two prominent persons, candidates for the circuit judgeship, and that each had promised to say a few appropriate words. It therefore, said Mr. Vance—though the beads of perspiration on his forehead gave mute testimony that he was lying—gave him great pleasure to introduce Major David Marshal.

The major rose and moved to the edge of the platform, his manner easy, his expression placid. In the Grove was a tangible silence. The major raised his right hand, smiled gently, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen—"

Instantly a chorus of boos and catcalls arose. And in answer, a roar from throats of Crawford relatives. Somebody said "*Sssssh!*" in a frightened way. And some one else shouted, "Let him talk!"

But they did not let him talk. The Baxters had warmed up to the occasion and they howled and laughed and made derisive though not definitely insulting remarks. The Crawfords drew together—a group of more than sixty grim-visaged men.

THE atmosphere was electric. The Crawfords kept their eyes on Lee Crawford, their leader, waiting for a signal. And Carey Marshal moved into the crowd and stood quietly, watching his father and worrying for him; and Dale found herself clutching Pat Warren's hand.

But Major Marshal was gloriously calm. He was smiling, as though this was some grand good-natured raillery. He waited for the booing to subside, and then—when it became evident that it would not—he made his talk, quietly and easily. Nobody heard him above the hubbub, but that did not matter. He spoke, and everybody knew he was speaking because they could see his lips moving, and within five minutes he was through.

The Crawfords then broke into prolonged and too-enthusiastic applause, and the Baxters perforce were silent. They had not stopped the major from speaking, though they had most effectively robbed every one of the chance of hearing him. In that, they had emerged triumphant, though the volume of Crawford applause made their victory a hollow one.

Then Crosby Goring spoke and the Crawfords booed. And since nobody heard a word he said either, and since the Baxters applauded tumultuously when he finished, the books seemed to balance.

Families departed in the gathering gloom. Horses galloped off, buggies and farm wagons clattered away, automobiles chugged and snorted and honked. People were breathing easier now because there had been no pitched battle. And just before darkness fell, five members of the Baxter clan—somewhat disappointed at the mildness of the climax—climbed into a battered old car and headed into the swamp.

They drove for three miles through the blackness, discussing among themselves the cowardly caution of the Crawfords who had not been incited to battle, and pretending to regret the innocuous termination of the affair.

Then their car coughed, spluttered, struggled, and died. It slewed across the dirt road so that the highway was

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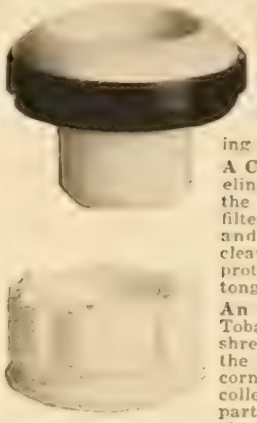

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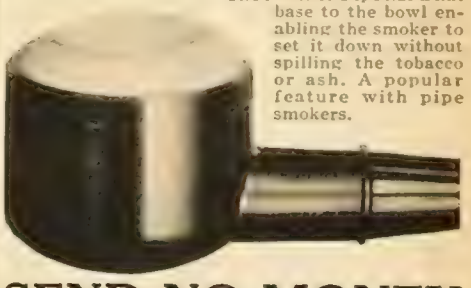

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A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

blocked. And the car lights went out.

From the direction of the Grove came another car. And in this car were four gentlemen of the Crawford family—also in agreement on the timidity of their sworn enemies. The driver was none too expert, and certainly not observant. He rounded a curve and crashed full into the Baxter car.

There was a hoarse shout, the screech of steel grinding against steel. And then one of the Baxter men, blinded by the headlights of the assaulting car and not recognizing its occupants, shouted an insulting epithet.

Loose-hinged doors banged open and four Crawfords piled into the road. It was then that the Baxters first saw who had crashed into their car, and one of the Baxter gentlemen emitted an oath. Another said, "It's them damned Crawfords! They done it a-purpose!"

It was a weird sight there by the roadside: a full moon filtering through pine needles and marking a silver lacework on the dusty highway; the gloom intensified by the brilliance of headlamps; the nine men, keyed to high pitch of feudal fury.

Anger—fierce and unreasoning—had been growing for days. It had reached a peak this afternoon. The fact that there had been no outbreak at the Grove had not soothed jangled nerves. A defy had been shouted and accepted. A great crisis had passed only to be revived here in intimate, bitter, homicidal form.

A squat stock Crawford approached the Baxter who had made the last insulting remark. He shoved his face close to the countenance of Mr. Baxter and inquired who the hell Mr. Baxter thought he was talking to.

Mr. Baxter's response was instant, instinctive, and effective. He struck once with his clenched fist, and the particular Crawford sprawled in the dirt.

He was up instantly, and there was something in his hand. The metal barrel of this something spat once—a tiny spurt of orange and a crack which startled the men to silence and then echoed off through the forest.

The Baxter who had struck the blow stood motionless for a moment, then slumped quietly and unostentatiously to the ground. There was a moment of horrified silence; then a terrible throaty shout. Other guns appeared, and there were more orange flashes, more echoes to wander off through the woods. There were curses and shouts and groans, and somebody extinguished the lights of the cars so that the moon might be privileged to look down upon the carnage.

WORD of the pitched battle reached Karnak two hours later. Men locked and barred their doors that night, even though they had not a drop of Crawford or Baxter blood in their veins. They spoke soberly and in whispers. They said, "Good God!" And they said, "What will happen now?" They asked, "How many were killed?"

"Three Baxters dead. Two Crawfords killed. And Jep Crawford—they say he's a-dyin'," was the answer.

That night Dale Cameron slept restlessly. Toward morning she tossed on her tiny bed, and Miss Mathilda heard her moan. Worried, the elderly spinster flung on a dressing gown and peered in through the door.

Dawn was breaking grayly outside, and in the half light Miss Mathilda regarded the form on the bed.

The sheet, which was Dale's only covering, had been tossed from the upper part of the supple rounded young body. One bare arm had been flung across the girl's eyes, and even in sleep her full lips were tremulous. Yet here she looked more youthful, more girlish, more virginal. Miss Mathilda gazed upon the smooth whiteness of skin, the delicate contours of body, and shook her head sadly at thought of the tragedy which surrounded this girl's life. And then Miss Mathilda tiptoed back into her own room and sat by a window, staring and thinking.

THE morning was gray and dismal. There was a drizzling rain and the pine trees sighed in the wind. The few paved streets of Karnak gleamed with wetness, and the unpaved roads were heavy with sticky clay.

News of the previous night's battle in Four Holes Swamp struck Karnak with terrific force. The inevitable had occurred, and now that it had, men and women realized that they had never really believed in its inevitability.

For more than an hour Carey Marshal and his father had been discussing the situation. The young man was excited and restless; the older man quiet and calm.

Carey said, "Perhaps last night was the end, dad. The shock may cause them to recover their sanity."

The major shook his head. "Not yet, son. It'll take a bigger shock than that."

"You mean there's liable to be open warfare between the Crawfords and Baxters?"

"Yes. And soon."

Carey frowned. "How will that affect Chris Blake?"

"I don't know. But they haven't forgotten him. In fact, he has assumed an unwarranted importance. Just as the Crawfords are supporting me rabidly—simply because Hamp Baxter is opposing me—just so they feel called upon to defend Chris against conviction—or worse."

"What do you mean, worse?"

"What do you imagine, son?"

"Lynching?"

"Possibly."

"But good God, dad—we're supposed to be civilized!"

"Supposed to be. Yet because a stranger properly defended himself against the attack of five hoodlums, six men have been killed; others will be killed; the ten-year tranquillity of

a county has been destroyed; you and I are the centers of converging storms; a young girl is being treated as a Magdalen; and there are no thoughts in the mind of any man here save violence and bloodshed."

"And we in Pineville, dad?"

"We're helpless. We're a nice respectable hopeless minority." The major glanced through the window at the swaying pines dripping with gray rain. "There's something I can do which *might* help."

"What?"

"Telephone the governor. I believe he'd send the militia from Beverly County if I asked it."

Carey's face brightened. "Will you?"

"Yes." The old man walked to the wall telephone and spun the bell handle. He called the state Capitol, identified himself, and asked for the governor.

"Howd'ye, Ed?" said Major Marshal cordially. . . . "Yes, David speaking. Now listen closely." Carey listened to his father's clear, concise summary of the situation. "Necessary?" the major was saying. "Of course it is, Ed, or I wouldn't suggest it. . . . Yes, it's bad politics, all right. . . . Yes—at any moment." Carey saw his father smile. "Good! When? . . . That's fine, Ed. I knew you would. My love to Ellen, and you'd better be dropping by Pineville sometime."

The old man turned from the telephone. "I feel better, Carey. The National Guard company from Beverly will be ordered here immediately."

That morning Dale carried a box of breakfast to Chris Blake. She hurried across the square, and the great oaks dripped tears upon her. Angel Verner, first cousin to Hamp Baxter, was in charge of the jail, and he growled at her. "This town," he said, "ain't got no place for such as you."

She was terribly frightened, but she argued with him, and finally he allowed her five minutes with Chris.

CHRIS reached through the bars and grasped her hand. His black eyes were filled with questions. "The sheriff told me," he whispered. "Is it really true that they've started killing each other?"

"There was a fight last night, Chris. But you mustn't worry."

"I'm not worried about myself, Dale. But I'm terribly worried about you. You've got to get out of town! Hear me? You *got* to!"

She shook her head. "I've told you I won't do that."

"You mean because you don't want to leave me alone? Oh, gee, Dale—you're a grand kid! I wish you knew how I really feel about you—"

"I think I do, Chris."

"You should." His face was flushed, and he controlled himself with an effort. "But let's not both go crazy. They've got me, but you're free. Get out while the gettin' is good. Maybe after the trial it won't be so easy. I don't need you, and Mr. Marshal don't either."

"He might, Chris. I can testify about how you took me home that night and how I saw you walk off toward the swamp instead of going right back to the rink."

"Nobody's going to believe you. And it don't matter a damn if they do or not. Oh, listen, Dale. I'd be so much happier if you'd beat it away from this lousy town. What's going to happen to me will happen. There ain't nothing either of us can do about it. Promise."

She turned away. "No, I won't promise."

Sheriff Angel Verner drove her away then, gruffly.

AND she walked back across the square to Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe where Miss Mathilda tried to make light of the whole thing.

"Scared?" said Miss Mathilda incisively. "Of course I'm scared. What with men going crazy and killing one another, who wouldn't be? You're scared yourself, Dale."

Dale nodded. "I'm terrified, Miss Mathilda. I'm too frightened even to let myself think—for fear I'd run away."

Miss Mathilda sniffed. "You won't, though. I know you. But you'd be sensible if you did."

There was rain in the town, rain that splashed from trees and roofs, and it splashed also from the branches of trees in Four Holes Swamp, and from the roof of Hamp Baxter's home on the banks of the Catbill River.

In the great oak-paneled living room, where generations of another and gentler family had lived, there were gathered ten members of the Baxter family; grim-visaged men, some of whom nursed shotguns between their knees, all of whom wore their hats, several of whom chewed tobacco, as Hamp strode up and down.

This was Hamp Baxter of the court room; Hamp Baxter the spellbinder working himself into a fury of oratory. He ran his fingers through his long hair, his eyes blazed, and Unique—the colored house boy—scuttled off affrightedly to the kitchen, where he reported to the cook, "Marse Hamp—he's fixin' to have a speech!"

Then, suddenly, Hamp whirled. One hand shot out.

"Are we men," he thundered, "or are we cattle?"

The other Baxters quivered under the verbal impact.

"Murder has been committed!" thundered Hamp, his voice filling the room and reverberating through the huge reception hall. "Vile, filthy, inexcusable murder! The blood of Baxters has been shed!"

Uncombed heads nodded agreement, and Hamp continued:

"Terror has been once again visited upon this peaceful community by a second Yankee invasion. But this time our invaders did not have the courage to wear the uniform of an enemy; they sneaked among us, spreading strife and tragedy and im-

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LIGHT-as-a-feather SHAVE

morality in this fair county of ours.

"Two worthless carnival showmen and one painted woman, all lacking in morals, all seeking to corrupt our youth. They cast a virus throughout the length and breadth of the land, even unto the furtherest corners."

This was Hamp Baxter the leader: handsome, dominant, compelling, poorly educated, blatant—and a consummate actor. Even here—in his own home, surrounded by his own relatives—Hamp acted.

"There would have been no strife in Karnak had these damned Yankees not invaded us, spreading vile corruption among our youth. My own brother was offered up as a sacrifice"—Hamp's voice broke—"and, by God, he shall not go unavenged!"

He stopped. Dramatically.

"My brothers," he said then, with terrible gentleness, "we must act. We must act by nightfall. We must show these Crawfords and all their kin that they cannot flaunt murderers and prostitutes in our faces and kill our brethren."

The listeners fidgeted; they waited.

"The Crawfords have declared war on us. They have dared to say what shall be done in Karnak County. They, with whom we have tried to live in peace, have shot and killed us."

There was a rumble of hoarse applause, a throaty, fierce murmur of anger. Somebody said, "We'll go git them damn' Crawfords."

"We shall go forth to do righteous battle!" thundered Hamp. "The Crawfords have said that they will defend Chris Blake—not because they think he ain't guilty, but because he killed my brother and that makes him their hero. Well, I'm telling you that we control the law of might, and that's a damn' sight bigger than any laws which were ever written on the statute books."

There was a tense pregnant silence. Then Constable Mark Baxter asked a mild question:

"What you aimin' to do, Hamp?"

"I'm preparing to show the Crawfords who us Baxters are and how we can't be fooled with. And the best way to show that—the best way to purge this county of the disease it's got—the best way for that, my brothers, is to take Chris Blake out of that jail house and hang him to the nearest tree!"

Mark Baxter spoke again.

"We're liable to have a fight on our hands, Hamp. Them Crawfords is settin' a pow'ful lot of store by Chris—just on account of, like you said, he killed Fred."

"Then we'll welcome the fight!" bellowed Wade Hampton Baxter. "We'll teach 'em where they belong. To hell with the Crawfords—all of 'em! I hope they *do* try to stop us. They'll get a bellyful of fighting."

"What you want us to do, Hamp?"

"I want you to do plenty. Each of you will start right now. Visit every man in the family. Tell him what I told you. Tonight at six o'clock meet outside my office, and then we'll vindicate the fair name of Karnak, and uphold the Baxter honor."

Hamp was trembling with fanatical fervor, and his henchmen had risen—fingers twitching, eyes flaming.

"We'll lynch Chris Blake!" they roared. "And we'll kill any Crawfords that try to stop us."

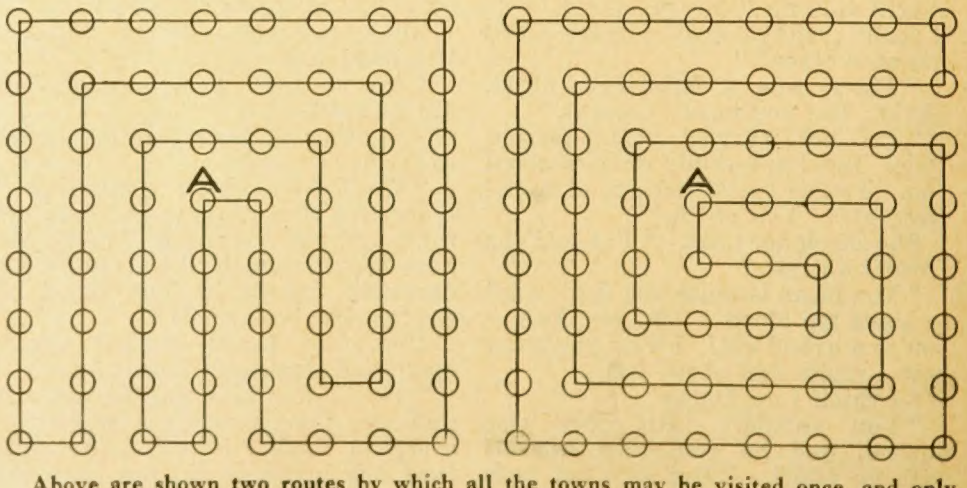
"We will!" Hamp raised his arms. "And when we've finished with Blake we'll get that woman—that Dale Cameron—and we'll run her out of town."

Hamp Baxter's relatives nodded eager indorsement.

"We'll get 'em," they growled in savage ecstasy. "We'll get him and her both."

What will be the outcome of Hamp Baxter's fanatical incitement of his followers? Next week will bring a situation tense with excitement and fraught with peril for Dale Cameron. Don't miss it.

Answer to the Persistent Tourist Puzzle on Page 49

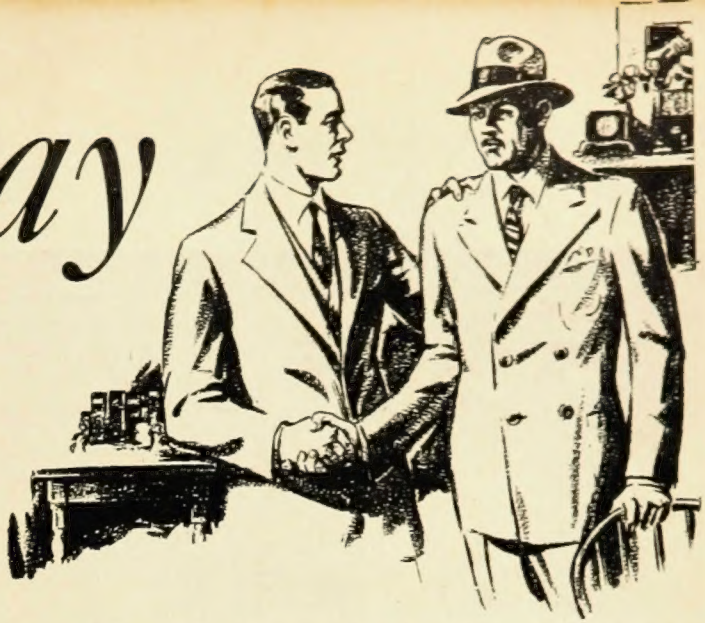


Above are shown two routes by which all the towns may be visited once, and only once, returning to the starting place, in only sixteen straight trips. These are the only possible solutions with so few moves. Most people can't do the trick in less than seventeen.

Lucky Day

A Short Short Story

By MATT TAYLOR



(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOHN DALY was one of the lucky ones. The miraculous had happened. He was stepping from college, a fledgling, to a definite place in the world of business. He was to have a permanent berth with the Atlas Company in their new Springfield office. The job was assured. He had found an approach to old Mr. Sylvester, the unapproachable, that behind-the-scenes genius who controlled Atlas and a dozen other enterprises. The boy's courage, or perhaps some benevolent whim of his own, had moved Mr. Sylvester to help.

"I never interfere," he had said at first. His glance ran over John Daly approvingly. "And if I did," he added, "I wouldn't want the word spread around. Understand? Well, I'll see what I can do. John Daly, you said? I'll give the name to Griffith at the home office. Go there this week. No need to mention my name."

And then John Daly had listened while the great man talked over long-distance. "A man I'm interested in," Mr. Sylvester had said. "Name of John Daly. . . . See that he sees the right person. . . . Yes, in the new Springfield branch. . . . Use him, will you? And keep me out of it."

"Use him!" Mr. Sylvester had said. Not, "I'd appreciate it"; not even a qualifying "if possible." Simply—"Use him!" A direct order that would be passed along, and no one would know whence or why it came. But the name John Daly would have a magic sound when he made his call.

There were two people he was impatient to tell. There was Joan. It would mean as much to Joan as it did to John Daly himself. For young love—even the new eager love of these two—was tempered these days. In other years a young man in love, facing the world, took the world for granted. "I'll get a job," he could say lightly, "and in a year I'll save—" But you couldn't talk like that now. You sat silently sometimes and wondered. Even though you were young and in love, you wondered how long before the victory. But now John Daly and Joan could whisper plans.

There was one other John Daly wanted to tell. John Daly, Sr. The boy, thinking of his father, no longer smiled. His father, whose world had crashed about him two years ago. A vigorous, alert, keen-minded executive, changed in twenty-four months to a bewildered, uncertain misfit, aging under the weight of idleness. A man left stunned by the force of the storm just past. A piece of wreckage in the wake of the cataclysm. Still standing, but useless. Useless because self-confidence, the foundation that a man is builded on, was crumbling.

The eyes of John Daly, Jr., grew tender.

His father was not on the porch. Usually, John knew, he sat there, screened by wistaria from the street as though he were ashamed of being seen, reading the paper from front page to last.

But today the chair was empty, and John hurried inside. His father was upstairs, freshly shaved, dressed in his newest suit. He was straightening his tie before the mirror. John was reminded, for a moment, of the picture of John Daly, Sr., that had appeared in the business papers a few years back. There were two spots of color now on his father's cheeks. His manner was alert. Some alchemy had taken place in his soul.

They shook hands warmly. He had come on an early train, John said. He paused and smiled. "I'm to see a man in town," he added meaningly. He wanted his father to be the first to know—before even Joan.

His father nodded, but caught no meaning in that smile. "We'll talk at lunch," he said nervously. "Something's come up. I have to go downtown." He gave his tie a final touch and set his shoulders. "A friend of mine phoned and gave me a lead. I'm following it up. "But—" He paused. His shoulders drooped. The alchemy passed; the eyes lost their spark. "But it'll end up like all the others, I suppose."

John's gaze was gentle. "Can't tell," he answered softly. He had not realized until now how his father had aged. "Here's hoping, anyway," John said.

Mr. Daly nodded. "I'm almost fifty," he said. "They say that's old. It's amazing how many ways they can find to tell you without actually saying it. But I'm going to try once more." He straightened and his lips tightened. John thought back two years again. "I used to think," his father went on, "that I couldn't start all over again. Not at my age. But that's changed. Hope's coming back. All I want now is another start. I'll work back to where I was. It's a young man's job, but fifty is still young." His glance wavered. "If I can only make them believe it!" he added.

"You can," his son said quickly. Instinctively he knew that this was the last bit of courage in his father. He had summoned his hidden reserves. Beyond this there was nothing. "You can!" repeated John fiercely.

John Daly, Sr., stared at the floor. His voice was low and uneven. "If I can't," he said—"if I can't—"

His son's hand was firm upon his shoulder. "Maybe this is your lucky day. Maybe it's our lucky day—yours and mine both. You see, I'm going to—"

"It's the Atlas Company," his father said. "They're opening a new branch in Springfield."

THE pressure of his son's hand on his shoulder lessened, and John Daly, Sr., looked up questioningly. The boy's arm dropped to his side and he walked slowly to the window. "The Atlas Company, eh?" he said dully.

"It's a live lead. They're pretty well filled, but they can use another man. If I was a good sales executive two years ago I should be a good salesman now. Shouldn't I, John?"

"I—you'll knock 'em dead, all right," said the boy.

His father paused at the door. "Here's hoping, anyway," he said.

John, Jr., turned from the window. There was a job waiting for a Mr. John Daly at the Atlas office, and no questions asked. He grinned at his father. In his own heart, the boy knew, were vast reserves of hope and courage. His start would come somehow—it always does to the young. It's the second start that is hard.

"Go to it, dad," he said, smiling. "I've got a hunch you're going to land it. I've got a hunch this is John Daly's lucky day!"

THE END

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